

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE SECOND.

NEXT day, and many other days, were chiefly devoted to seeing the most remarkable places in and about the great metropolis. Assisted by a pocket-map of London, Charles and Franklin Manderfield were enabled to ramble by themselves, when their parents were otherwise engaged. All the English families with whom Mr. Manderfield had become previously acquainted, extended their civilities to his wife and children, immediately after their arrival; but of these families the juvenile branches were, with scarcely an exception, still at boarding-schools out of town. So our American boys found it more pleasant to go exploring, as they called it, on their own account, than to be carried in the coach to assist in returning the visits of grown persons, who thought them too young to be considered as a part of the company; and who evidently regarded them according to the often-quoted adage that "children should be seen, and not heard."

One morning, on promising that their explorations should not extend so far from home as usual, the boys were allowed to take their sisters with them to St. James's Park. Charles gave his arm to Juliet, and Franklin took the hand of little Laura, who skipped gaily along, delighted with every thing she saw, and frequently running in advance of her brother, alert as he always was.

Arrived in front of the War Office, (which building is usually called the Horse Guards,) their attention was first attracted by the mounted sentinels, who, with heads erect, loaded pistols in their holsters, one hand grasping the bridle, and the other holding a drawn sabre, were stationed in large open centry-boxes, or rather pavilions of stone, on each side of the grand entrance that goes through into Parliament street. These equestrian figures, in their niches, were as still and motionless, both man and horse, and as seemingly incapable of moving a muscle, as if they were in reality effigies, carved in wood and painted. Franklin murmured a line from Shakespeare—

"Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks."

As soon as the clock had struck eleven, the sound of military music was heard. Persons began to assemble from all parts of the park, and some came in from the neighbouring streets, to see the morning parade of the King's Foot Guards, who were now marching from their barracks to their ground in front of the war-office.

"Really"—said Juliet—"scarlet is a very beautiful dress for soldiers. It is so gay and brilliant. I

must say, I like it better than our American blue."

"Oh! shame, shame!"—exclaimed Franklin.

"Hush"—said Charles—"remember she is a girl."

"Well"—resumed Franklin—"we have the pleasure of knowing that at Bunker Hill and other places, the dust was pretty well beaten out of the red-coats by men that had not even blue ones. Don't you remember General Knox telling papa that many of our people fought at Bunker Hill in their waistcoats and shirt-sleeves, beside those that went to the battle in linen jackets and calico gowns, on account of the heat of the weather."

"Yes"—replied Charles—"and you know the British made a song about the fight, in which they ridiculed the working men—"

"With old straw hats upon their heads,
And leather aprons shining."

This conversation seemed to attract the notice of an old gentleman, who stood a little behind the children, and whom they had not observed till he accosted them, saying,

"Young gentlemen, excuse my speaking to you; but I think I cannot be mistaken in supposing you Americans."

"Certainly we are!"—exclaimed both boys.

"I should be sorry if we were taken for any thing else"—added Franklin.

"I am glad to find we look like Americans"—said Charles.

"At least you talk like Americans"—remarked the old gentleman.

"I am one too"—said Laura, turning her beautiful little head, and looking up at the stranger, who bent his eyes benignly upon her, gazing long and earnestly, till hers modestly sunk beneath his look of intense interest.

Twice the stranger drew his hand across his brow, then walked away, taking out his handkerchief. In a few moments he returned, and said to Charles—

"Forgive me again; but may I be allowed to ask in what part of America is your home. Do you come from Boston?"

"No"—replied Charles—"we are Philadelphians. But my father has visited Boston, and seen Griffin's wharf where we destroyed the tea, and Faneuil Hall, where we made our first great speeches, and Bunker Hill, where we fought our first great fight."

The old gentleman smiled, recognizing the American boy in the use of the word "we," when referring to the deeds enacted by the founders of the

republic. His smile was, however, immediately succeeded by a look of melancholy, and he again turned his eyes on little Laura.

Juliet, in a low voice, reminded her brothers that it could not be agreeable to an English gentleman to hear of the American revolution.

"But, perhaps he is an American himself"—whispered Charles.

"Oh! no!"—observed Franklin, almost forgetting to speak in an under tone—"if he was, he would soon say so."

Little Laura caught the import of this low-voiced conversation, and in the kindness of her heart, she turned to the stranger, and said to him—

"But for all I am an American child, I like England very well; and so does Juliet, very much indeed. And the boys like a great many things that they see. Indeed, almost all. Frank, don't you remember how you were delighted with the guns and swords in the Tower, all fixed in the shape of suns and moons and stars? And Charles, you know you praised Westminster Abbey; and said there was no other such place in the world. As for Juliet she admires even the giants at Guildhall."

The first regiment of the guards being now close at hand, the gentleman conducted the young Manderfields to a spot from whence they could have an excellent view of the parade. The boys and Juliet stood on a bench, under a large tree, and the kind stranger took Laura and held her up in his arms, so that she could see over the heads of the people in front; and he explained to them much that they were very glad to know.

The musicians came first. "This"—said the stranger, is the Duke of York's band, the finest in the service. Perhaps you know that the Duke of York is second son to the king, and commander-in-chief of the army. It is his march they are now playing."

"How beautiful it is!"—said Juliet.

"And how inspiring!"—said Frank.

"And how charmingly played!" said Charles.

The band marched first, preceded by the drum-major in a magnificent uniform of scarlet and gold, his chapeau decorated with a profusion of feathers, and in his hand he waved a large gold-headed cane with which he marked the time. Then came two tall noble-looking Moors in splendid oriental dresses of white and silver with full muslin trowsers, and vests of scarlet velvet adorned with silver fringe and tassels. On their heads were white muslin turbans with lofty plumes fastened by brilliant crescents. One of these dark musicians carried an elegant tambourine, striking it gracefully with the back of his hand, rolling his finger along the parchment, ringing its melodious bells, and at times whirling the fantastic and animating instrument far above his head. The other African played the cymbals, which were bright as mirrors, and shone in the sunbeams like plates of entire silver. Sometimes he struck them behind his back, swaying with them sometimes to one side and then to the other; and again in a moment they were glancing and glitter-

ing high above his turban, as he seemed almost to throw them up in the air and catch them ere they descended. Yet, though he flourished them all the time, he sounded them only at intervals, striking their polished edges vertically together, and producing their full martial tones with a touch so light and skilful that their music might well be called "the loud cymbals' song." There was none of that clash or clank that renders these romantic instruments with their wild oriental associations, a discord rather than an improvement to a military band, as is usual in America, where, in general, they are made to keep up an incessant monotonous clatter without regard to time or tune. The parade was now formed; the officers came to the front and drew their swords, and the band marched along the line, playing Rule Britannia.

The children were delighted with the parade; the girls particularly admiring the officers, and the boys the music, which concluded with the Downfall of Paris, as the soldiers marched off in quick time.

"Boys!"—said Laura—"do you think there could ever be war without killing? Because, if there could, I should like you to be officers."

Her brothers informed her that there could be no war without fighting, and no battle without killing.

"But, why not?"—said the little girl. "If, before they began to fight, all the soldiers would agree to give each other only little soft taps, and slight cuts, and to shoot their guns so far off that the balls could not hit any body. Then we might have all the beautifulness of war without any of its dreadfulness."

"Its beautifulness"—said the old gentleman—"is the painted mask that conceals the deformity of its dreadfulness from those who only see as much of the accompaniments of war as we have seen just now. Take away the uniform, the accoutrements, the waving colours, the martial music, and all 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance,' and strip the practice of war to its naked horrors, and I believe that none would voluntarily engage in it. War, under any pretext whatever, produces, and must produce, such a vast amount of suffering, such destruction of life and property, such devastation, such ruin; its track is so marked with blood and tears, that nothing can justify this ever terrible mode of settling the quarrels of nations."

"But, of course, you except our war of the revolution"—said Charles. "There was not much 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' on the American side. The British had it all on theirs. And yet we were the victors."

"Ah!"—said Franklin—"it was not the glittering of uniforms and the waving of colours, and the sound of drums and trumpets, that brought Putnam from his plough, and Morgan from the wagon."

"Have you ever seen Washington?"—inquired the stranger.

"Yes, often!"—replied all the children at once.

"We have seen him!"—continued Charles—"frequently walking in the streets of Philadelphia. Of course, you know that he is president of the United

States. He always wears a cocked hat with a black cockade, and he carries a gold-headed cane with gold tassels. In cold weather we see him in a blue cloth cloak with a gold-laced collar."

"I know the president's house very well"—said Laura—"it is in Market street near Sixth; and it has crimson curtains to the front windows."

"We saw him every Sunday in Christ church"—said Juliet. "The president's pew is lined with crimson velvet, and there is a gilt eagle at each corner. He rides in a yellow carriage with white horses."

"I wish, sir, *you* could see General Washington"—said Charles—"every body says he looks exactly like what he is: and so did Dr. Franklin. My father once took me with him when he went to visit Dr. Franklin."

"My dear brothers"—observed Juliet—"you forget that this English gentleman may not find it pleasant to hear you talking in this manner of our American great men."

"It is—it is"—said the stranger, warmly. "Those men belong to the universe. The whole world may be proud of them."

"So we think in America"—replied Charles—"but I am very glad to hear an Englishman speak of them as they deserve. I hope, sir, we shall meet many like you."

The stranger sighed, and passed his hand across his forehead. He then looked at his watch, and said—

"I must now leave you, my dear young friends. But though this is our first, I trust it will not be our last interview."

"Oh! no!"—exclaimed the children—"we hope not, indeed. We shall be very glad to see you again."

The old gentleman then departed, having shaken each of the children by the hand, and kissed that of little Laura; who said, after he had left them, "This is the first time in my life that I have ever been treated with any respect. All other people kiss my mouth, as if I was still a baby, but this excellent old gentleman only touches my hand with his lips."

"I should not wonder"—said Juliet—"if he were a nobleman. He looks so very genteel, and his black suit is so very nice. Everything he wears is of the finest quality. And I like to see an old gentleman with his hair tied and powdered, though I wish all the young ones would leave it off. I hope I may soon have a chance of seeing a *young* nobleman. I shall then have some idea how Lord Orville looked. And I wish also to meet some Branghtons."

"That last wish is likely to be the soonest gratified"—observed Franklin—"I have a sort of idea that our landlady, Mrs. Blagden, could help you to the acquaintance of Branghtons in any quantity."

"What are Branghtons?" asked Laura.

Juliet explained to her that the Branghtons were an amusingly ungenteel London family, introduced by Miss Burney into her admirable novel of *Evelina*:

and Laura hoped to be soon "*big enough*" to read novels.

They passed up the Bird Cage Walk, as it is called, from an old custom that was formerly observed of hanging cages of singing-birds among the boughs of its fine trees; and then stopped a few moments to look at Buckingham House, the palace of the queen, and the actual residence of the royal family, when in London: the old dark prison-looking palace, called St. James's, which stands on the other side of the park, being only used on state occasions, such as the levees of the king, and drawing-rooms of his consort. They then went round through Pall Mall, and came to Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales; in the colonnade of which they saw several curious and beautiful peacocks, entirely white; notwithstanding which, the eyes in their tail-feathers were perfectly distinct, the plumage looking as if damasked. While they were gazing at the peacocks, a phaeton stopped at the grand entrance, over which was sculptured the royal arms of England. It was driven by a gentleman, whose appearance immediately induced all that were passing to stop till he had alighted, and the words, "The prince—the Prince of Wales"—were passed round among the spectators. He was a plump, light-complexioned man, with a very high colour in his face; and his chin was buried beneath the folds of an enormous white cravat. His features were handsome, (except that his nose was too small) and he had a profusion of hair, dressed in small frills and curls at the sides and top, and platted behind, and turned up with a comb—the whole being powdered, and but partially covered by a small round hat, placed very much on one side. He wore a light-green coat with very bright buttons, and a white silk waistcoat, with another of pink satin appearing from beneath it. He was followed, at a considerable distance, by two mounted grooms in scarlet and gold livery. Juliet was now superlatively happy—she had hoped only to see a lord, and now she saw a prince: the prince too that was one day to be king of England.

The children proceeded on their walk down Pall Mall, slowly, for they saw so many things to look at, particularly the windows of the print-shops, in some of which they saw caricatures, where the royal family and the prime-minister, Mr. Pitt, were treated with very little ceremony. These caricatures were easily understood, and they exhibited striking likenesses of the persons represented in them. There was one entitled "*Curing John Bull of the Yellow Fever*." It alluded to the increased taxation by which the people were drained of their money, for the support of a rapacious royal family, larger in its numbers than any that had ever existed; and of a numerous band of placemen and pensioners; these new taxes having been levied through the influence of the prime-minister, and an immense sum having recently been granted by parliament for liquidating again the ever-recurring debts of the spendthrift Prince of Wales. In this print, John Bull was represented as sitting in a chair without

his coat, and looking very sick and yellow, while Pitt was bleeding him in the arm. The blood, as it fell, turned into guineas, which a crowd of the persons that preyed upon the nation, were hastening to catch in their hats. Foremost was the Prince of Wales; but there was a hole in *his* hat, through which the guineas fell as fast as they dropped into it.

Our young people returned home by way of Charing Cross and Whitehall, having stopped in the first of these streets to look at the bronze equestrian statue of Charles the First, which is rendered perfectly black by the coal-smoke; and to gaze at the vast front and antique aspect of Northumberland House, with the great bow-window over the entrance, and the huge bronze lion on the top. The family of the Duke of Northumberland being in mourning for the death of one of its members, an escutcheon or hatchment was, according to the custom of the English aristocracy, placed above the principal window. This escutcheon was painted with the ancient arms of the Percys, on a large diamond-shaped board, edged with black and decorated with a border of death's-heads.

"How very imposing"—said Juliet—"are all these things."

When Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield came home, they found the children highly delighted with their walk, and having much to talk about concerning it. The girls, in particular, were especially eloquent in praise of the good old gentleman in the handsome suit of black, with his satin waistcoat and knee-breeches, and such very smooth black silk stockings with gold knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, and a diamond pin in his very nice shirt-frill, and his well-powdered though scanty hair. The boys dwelt most on his intelligent eye, and the benevolent expression of his countenance, and on his pleasant voice and manner. And all concurred in praising his kindness to little Laura, who concluded that she liked him almost as well as she did her father.

In the evening, to the extreme delight of the boys, the family went to Dibdin's Sans Souci, as he called it; a large room in the Strand, fitted up as for an audience: himself being the only performer. He was an extremely well-looking man, with a bright intellectual face; and his singularly diversified genius enabled him to write the words, and compose the music of his songs, and then to sing them admirably, accompanying himself on the piano. He introduced his songs, which were on very various subjects, by a connecting thread of recitation, in which he took occasion to advert most happily to the news, the fashions, and the follies of the day. He had sporting songs, rustic songs, and sea-songs; all spirited, characteristic, and amusing: and in some there were touches of simple pathos that never failed to draw tears from a large portion of his audience. In sea-songs, he always was, and still is without a rival. And his ocean-melodies are said to have been highly instrumental in infusing into the English navy the spirit that made it always victorious in every contest with the ships of the other European powers.

Mr. Manderfield and his sons sat near the end of a bench; and just before the performance commenced Charles and Franklin espied the old gentleman of the park, looking about for a seat. There was space to spare; and the boys sat closer, and with smiling countenances, made room for him. They held out their hands, which he shook cordially, and then availed himself of the proffered place. Charles whispered to his father, to inform him who was their new companion; and Laura leaned across to smile and nod at him. Presently a sort of buzz was heard through the room, and the eyes of all present were turned towards a gentleman, stout, ruddy, and rather young, who was found sitting in the midst of them, dressed in a blue surtout. "That is the Duke of Clarence, the third son of the king," said the stranger to the two boys. "He is in the navy, having commenced as a midshipman; and, while in that capacity, he visited America in the ship to which he was attached. He is much in the habit of going unceremoniously, and without any indication of his rank, to places of amusement. He walks about the city more frequently than he rides; and he is noted for standing to gaze at the windows of the print-shops."

"We saw him yesterday," exclaimed Juliet, delightedly. "I recollect him perfectly. He stood next to me while we were looking at those caricatures in Pall Mall. His coat-skirt must have touched my frock. How I wish I had known it."

"Oh! Juliet, Juliet!"—ejaculated Franklin—"you will never be fit to go home to America."

The room was now quite full; and Dibdin came forward, and, after a short preface, commenced the first song, which was his highly popular "Sailor's Journal," beginning—

" 'Twas post meridian, half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted—"

And it was followed by several others, which were received with bursts of applause, in which the royal tar joined energetically. The eyes of Juliet were now almost continually turned on the Duke of Clarence, to observe what effect the songs had upon a prince. She made her mother observe, that when, in the fine sea-elegy of "Tom Bowling," most of the auditors involuntarily raised their eyes, and cast them upward at the words "His soul is gone aloft," the son of the king raised his eyes also. In a recess of the performance, the stranger of the park related to Charles and Franklin a little anecdote of the first appearance of the Duke of Clarence on board the ship to which he had been recently appointed a midshipman. He was regarded with much curiosity by the sailors assembled on the forward-deck; and one of them was heard to say to a messmate, over whose shoulders he was gazing at the young prince:

"Jack—Jack—the king's son has got no manners. He don't pull off his hat to the captain."

"Pho! you fool!"—replied the other—"where should he get manners, when he has never been at sea before?"

The boys, however, were highly pleased, and

Juliet almost enraptured, when, after the performance was over, and Dibdin had made his final bow to the audience, the Duke of Clarence stepped up to the talented minstrel, shook hands with him heartily, and complimented him warmly on his songs, and on their well-deserved popularity in the navy.

The duke turned to withdraw, every one bowing as he passed along, and he returning the bows right and left. Mr. Manderfield was preparing to accost the old gentleman of the park, and thank him for his civilities to the children, when they saw that he had already quitted his seat, and that the Duke of Clarence had stopped to talk to him with a familiarity that denoted a previous acquaintance.

"Oh! look, look!"—exclaimed Juliet—"and now the duke has taken his arm, and they have left the room together. Oh! the good old gentleman must be a very great lord. He certainly must—I wish there was a law obliging all noblemen to wear their stars always, that they might be known as soon as seen. It is so hard for us poor Americans to be obliged to find them out.

"Poor Americans!"—said Franklin—"poor Americans, indeed! Why are we obliged to find them out? Oh! Juliet, Juliet, what shall we do with you."

"And to think!"—continued Juliet—"that this good old lord, for I am sure he is one, has held Laura in his arms. Laura, which hand did he kiss?"

Laura looked at both her hands, but could not recollect.

It would occupy too much space were we to relate the numerous times when the Manderfield children met the stranger in their walks. If their parents were along, he avoided joining them, always passing on, and merely recognizing the young people by a bow and a smile. But, if they were alone, he immediately came forward to meet them, or hastened to overtake them, and he never failed to do them some little service, or some act of kindness, in addition to the entertaining and useful information that he gave them upon all subjects in which they took interest. Still they did not learn his name; neither did he inquire that of their father. With the names of the children, he, of course, became familiar from hearing them address each other. But little Laura remembered that the good old lord, as they now termed him, frequently forgot, and called her Emma.

One day, Mrs. Blagden came up to the drawing-room, just after breakfast, and with many curtsies, begged that Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield, and the two young gentlemen, and the two young ladies would do her the favour of taking a drop of tea, and a bit of supper with her that evening, as she was going to have a little company, (it being her birth-day,) and that Mr. Knight was to be there. Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield declined the invitation, being engaged to dine out, and to go afterwards to the Italian opera.

"Dear me!"—said Mrs. Blagden—"how tiresome it is that you should be engaged. I declare I

am monstrous sorry. I would put off my company, but this is the only evening we can have Mr. Knight. He is in such demand that it is hardly possible to catch him; and he is engaged out heavily night but this for a month to come. And when he is caught he's worth his weight in gold."

"In what way," asked Mr. Manderfield.

"Why he's the funniest man in all Lunnnon. He makes heavily body die a laughing. And to see him in the day time you would not think there was any fun in him. He is all the time a rambling about heavily where, in hall kinds of places, taking his hobservations quietly, that he may collect a stock of fun for night. There han't a part of the town that he isn't to be found in. He's very fond of children, and watches all their ways, and can hact a child to the life."

The Manderfield children looked at each other in silence.

"But do, pray!"—continued Mrs. Blagden—"do, pray, let the young persons give us *their* company if we cannot have yours. It will be as good as a play to them to see Mr. Knight."

The children again looked at each other.

Mrs. Blagden continued her entreaties, and the parents hesitated till they found that the children were really very desirous of joining the party, and they finally gave their permission, except for Laura, whom they considered too young.

"To be sure!"—said Mrs. Blagden—"it is not the thing for little misses like her to keep late hours, and sit up to supper. They'd soon be knocked up, if they were to pursue that. But, once in a while, I don't see how it could hurt her. And we are going to have some highsters, which I suppose must be quite curiosities to persons from America. Did you ever see any highsters, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," replied Laura, not knowing that highsters meant oysters; "but, indeed, I should be very glad to see some. Dear father—dear mother—you know I have kept some very late hours since I have been in England, and I have sat up to supper twice; and it always seemed to do me good instead of harm. Do let me go to Mrs. Blagden's party. I will keep very wide awake—indeed I will."

"I defy any one to be sleepy where Mr. Knight is!"—said Mrs. Blagden. He often goes to St. James's park to ear the band, and to learn how to be a drum, and an orn, and all sorts of hinstuments. And then he does them to the life, where he's hasked out of heavenings. They say his ryal ighness, the Duke of Clarence, eard him once, and halmost split his sides a laughing. His ryal ighness an't a bit proud, for all he's a prince: and they do say he got quite sociable with Mr. Knight."

The children's glances at each other were now more expressive than ever.

Finally, little Laura was made very happy by receiving permission to be present at Mrs. Blagden's party: and their landlady took her leave, highly gratified.

(To be continued.)

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE THIRD.

A VERY rainy morning prevented the young Manderfields from taking their accustomed ramble; and Juliet had frequent stair-case-and-passage interviews with Mrs. Blagden; that lady going up and down even more than usual. Towards evening, having presided at the early tea-table of the children, Mrs. Manderfield departed with her husband for the dinner to which they were engaged, and from whence they were to adjourn to the opera.

Just after the coach had driven from the door, their servant girl Nanny came up to say—"Young masters and misseses, for all I an't none of Mrs. Blaggen's maid, and looks for nothing paticular for my trouble (that is, nothing to speak of) I'm being so good as to come up a carrying a messenger from her; becuse why, her own Jem and Jenny has their hands full (or petends to have) on account of the compny. Not that, for what I see, neither of them an't worth their wictuals, now or never."

Nanny was always very loquacious, except in the presence of her master and mistress, as she called Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield to the great amusement of the boys.

"And what is the message?" inquired Charles.

"Why, the short and the long of it is"—replied Nanny—"Mrs. Blaggen told me to come up and say as how she thinks you'd better all come down afore the compny begins; so as to get good places to see Mr. Knight."

"Tell Mrs. Blagden we are much obliged to her"—said Juliet.

"Nanny"—said the kind-hearted little Laura—"I wish you could see Mr. Knight yourself."

"Oh! for matter o' that, Miss"—replied Nanny—"Mrs. Blaggen has a promised me leave to look through any key-hole I please; if so be as I'll be sure to remeber to keep down on my kneeses, and make myself smallish, and not be in nobody elses way; and not be greedy of peeps, so as to take more than my shear, and not leave enough to her own rightful sarvants (which is two) when they wants a peep. Though I can't see why she don't make Jenny stir about, and do all the work, and not keep that ere Jem. For boyeses an't never of no use, only to idle about, and dewour wictuals and give sauce. I'm sure I shouldn't care if so be as I never laid my eyeses upon a boy again as long as I live—begging pardon of them what's young masters."

"You need not beg their pardons at all, Nanny"—said Juliet, trying to look grave.

"To be sure Miss"—said Nanny—"you've a

right to know what boyeses is. But I must hurry down, and get my tea, and have it over. Mrs. Blaggen must be done her'n by this time; for all she drinks four cups with brem butter to suit. She took it into the kitching this evening to save the parlourses, becuse why, they're smartened up for compny. I warrant that ere Jem is all the time a grinning and making faceses at her back! And if she was to offer to box his earses, he'd call out in a minute he'd have the law of her. He says he was boy once to a lawyer that did not know how to make money and keep out of scrapeses, and so was took to Newgate. I wish Jem had been took with him."

Nanny departed; and the young Manderfields soon after descended to Mrs. Blagden's front-parlour, which they found "smartened up" with fresh flowers in the bow-pots, as the two china jars on the mantel-piece were called, and four tall mould candles decorated with cut-paper in tall bright brass candlesticks, a clean chintz cover on the sofa, and the usual green baize removed from the carpet. A large upright folding screen forming a sort of hollow-square was placed before the door that opened into the back parlour, and it was through the key-hole of this door that the servants took their peeps. Within the inclosure of the screen was a chair and a little round table, with a candle on it, and several articles called in theatrical language "properties."

Mrs. Blagden was a tall thin personage, and therefore rejoiced in what she considered a very genteel figure. She had an amazingly small face and features. The boys thought that (like the people in one of the Spectator's moral and amusing dreams) she must have exchanged her original head for that of some woman very diminutive in size. But, happily for her, she regarded her small-featured countenance as one of infantine delicacy.

She was drest, on the present occasion, in her gala suit. The fashionable female attire of that period was remarkably tasteless and unbecoming; and as usual, it was caricatured by the ladies of the *bourgeoisie*. Among other disfigurements, powder was not yet quite banished from the hair of the women, except among the higher classes, and *they*, indeed, had but recently discarded it. So Mrs. Blagden's hair was well-powdered; the custom lingering long among those whose locks had been touched with silver by the relentless fingers of Time. On the top of her head she wore a sort of jockey-cap of black satin with a gilt band and buckle. It had no strings, but was stuck on, (painfully, we fear,) by two pins about a foot in length headed with large bright knobs. A strange

costum then prevailed in England, of ladies (and even little girls) when drest for company, wearing their bonnets in the house. Round the neck of Mrs. Blagden was closely folded a white muslin cravat tied with a great bow in front. These cravats (sometimes so large as to bury the chin) had been adopted by ladies as well as gentlemen, in compliment to the prince of Wales. Mrs. Blagden's open gown of black and red striped silk, retired back to display a white muslin petticoat trimmed with a deep knotted fringe, or fringe knotting, left from the large quantity of that article which she had made for her curtains, &c. Round her waist was a sash of thick blue ribbon, "particularly long and wide," on which were printed three "pictures;" on the front a broad oval representing Palemon and Lavinia; and at each end a tall oval, one portraying the Shepherdess of the Alps, the other Sterne's Maria.

Mrs. Blagden while waiting for the company, questioned her juvenile guests upon the shows they had seen, and if among the rest they had been honoured with a sight of their majesties.

"Not yet!"—replied Juliet—"but they are to be at the theatre on Thursday, and papa has promised to take us thither."

"Of course!"—remarked Mrs. Blagden—"you will be on oaks and thorns till Thursday comes; as you've never any chance of seeing great people in America."

"We have seen the president often!"—replied Charles.

"The president—who is he?"

"Oh!—do you not know!—General Washington, certainly."

"Washington—I think I recollect the name. I've some idea I've eard something about that person."

"And did you never hear of Dr. Franklin?"—said Charles—"my brother is called after him."

"Some relation of your family, I suppose.—Or your medical man, perhaps. Well now—I think I must let the cat out of the bag, and tell you what a treat I have in store for you. As you have not yet had the honour of getting a sight of his majesty, (and won't have till Thursday,) this evening, to stay your stomachs, you shall meet with a gentleman who hactually belongs to the court, and lives in the palace, and can see both their majesties and the ryal princes and princesses hevery day of his life. I got a friend to invite him here; and to get him to come, Mr. Knight was held out to him."

"Is he a nobleman?"—inquired Juliet, with sparkling eyes. "Oh! Mrs. Blagden, do contrive that he shall say something to me, if it is only six words."

"Juliet—for shame!"—frowned Franklin, aside to her.

"Why—I can't say he's much of a lord!"—replied Mrs. Blagden—"though he *has* a place at court—where he is one of the chiefest hofferers of his majesty's ousehold. His most principal business is to attend to his majesty's dinner; and he helps prepare the great dishes with his own ands."

"Then he is the king's cook!"—observed Franklin.

"Why—something in that line. I assure you he olds himself very dignified, as gentlemen in his station have a right to do. And he's very particular about gentility. His visits are quite favours, for they're not easy to be had. But, as I was saying, it must be a real treat to American persons to see gentlemen and ladies that does things for the king and ryal family, or even for the nobility and gentry."

Franklin Manderfield began to think of leaving the room.

"Though I say it that should not say it!"—pursed Mrs. Blagden—"you, being Americans, are quite lucky in coming to a house like mine. To be sure, boasting is not the thing, but you couldn't have lighted upon a gentlewoman that has more hopportunities of knowing what goes on among the great folks. To be sure, I had a touch of igh life myself, when I stayed two years in the family of Lord Kilgobbin; and I might have been there still, only my lord took a figary of going back to Hireland to live on his estate in that horrible country. So rather than to be situated among the Hirish, I took Mr. B. who was considered quite a good speck, being a hofferer in his majesty's customs."

Mrs. Blagden was now obliged to cease her conversation with the young Manderfields, and devote herself to receiving the company, who began to arrive "by ones, by twos, and by threes;" little Laura (whose curiosity was highly excited) whispering to her sister whenever a very queer-looking man made his bow to the hostess—"Juliet—Juliet—do you think that is the king's cook?" Mrs. Blagden overhearing her, kindly promised to give a due hint, when Mr. Suppenloff really did make his appearance: and hoped he would be in time to see the beginning of Mr. Knight.

Among the guests, was a blooming young lady apparently about five-and-twenty, with an equal portion of the rose on her cheeks, chin, and forehead. She was airily drest in a bluish white book-muslin gown, a pinkish tiffany scarf, and a little chip hat set to one side upon a head held also to one side, and covered all over with a mass of large frizzy curls that looked like a yellow fog surrounding the full moon. This young lady apologized for being late—saying to Mrs. Blagden and the rest of the company—"I assure you I drest and came away, as soon as ever I could get off from Lady Caroline. You know her and I are quite confidential; and the dear creature detained me so long talking about her music-master. Between ourselves, she's over head and ears in love with him. I don't believe it will be possible to get her to marry the old duke, though he has already begun to give her diamonds. I should not wonder if her ladyship and the signor are off to Gretna Green, one of these days. But that's between ourselves"—giving a significant nod to the whole company.

"How is the marquis getting on?"—said a tall handsome young man, with the remains of powder in his hair, remarkably broad and finely-pleated

cambric ruffles, and extremely fine legs displayed to advantage by white silk stockings. The person he addressed had just come in, and wore a frock coat and a red and white striped waistcoat, and had his legs concealed by fair-topped boots. "The marquis"—said he—"why the marquis is going on pretty much in the same fashion. He and I were at Ascot races yesterday, and he betted a cool thousand on Kittums, and lost as he always does. Why even in the first heat Why-not was a neck before Kittums. I did something myself by betting on Gohanna. Between ourselves the marquis is a monstrous fool."

Juliet now begged Franklin in a low voice to find an opportunity of inquiring to what marquis the gentleman alluded. But Franklin insisted that it was no matter.

Very near Juliet sat two ladies who were arguing whether push-up sleeves or tuck sleeves were most fashionable. They now looked much pleased at the entrance of a slim damsel not in the very earliest bloom of youth, but in an extremely well-fitting dress of Japan muslin, and with two wreaths of small red roses round her head.

"Ah!"—said one of the disputants—"here comes Miss de Kneedles—she can tell us."

"Pray Miss"—said the other—"which is most the rage—push-up sleeves, or tucked ones?"

"Neither"—replied Miss de Kneedles—contemptuously. "Both have been out these two months with the nobility and gentry. Lady Georgiana Fitzgeorge's white satin wedding-dress had Prussian sleeves."

"And how are *they*"—exclaimed both ladies eagerly.

"They are what the French call à la Prusse. Mrs. Robings has a new fore-woman, fresh from Paris, and she has brought over all the last new styles."

"And what is the latest trimming?"—inquired one of the questioners.

"Generally coquings."

"And what are coquings?"

"Something quite new. Her royal highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester prefers pouffs."

"What are pouffs?"

"They are something in the style of bouffants, but more *pronouncy*.

"How proconoucy?"

"Why more *decidy*. One of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester's last dresses is a tuberosc-coloured tabinet, garni with a frange."

"What is a frange? Is not it something like a fringe?"

"A frange, I say. But now I'll show you a real treasure.—A piece of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester's last court-dress. There—this was the material of the train." She then took out of her pocket a white paper carefully folded, and opening it slowly to enhance its glories by protracted expectation, she displayed a small slip of what she called "velours verd de pois."

"It looks like a bit of pea-green velvet"—said one of the ladies.

"Every thing must not be taken by its looks"—replied Miss de Kneedles—"This is a genuine velours verd de pois."

"But is it really a part of a princess's dress"—exclaimed Juliet, venturing forward—"Oh! please to let me touch it. If I only dare ask for the smallest particle of it."

"My dear Juliet!"—said Charles.

"Juliet—for shame!"—said Franklin.

"Do you belong to the American family that Mrs. Blagden told me are lodging with her?"—inquired Miss de Kneedles.

"Yes, indeed I do"—answered Juliet—"These are my two brothers, and this is my little sister. We are all Americans."

"Dear me! Were those frocks made in America? How strange. Well, as it will be a great thing for you to show when you go back to your own country, I'll be very generous, and give you a leetle, leetle bit of her royal highness's verd velours train, precious as it is. Where are my scissors? I always carry a small pair in a corner of my pocket. So I'll snip you off a piece. There now—ain't you rich? You've a treasure to carry home to America. Of course, you know that her royal highness, the princess Sophia of Gloucester, is his majesty's own niece."

"Not his daughter then"—said Juliet, looking a little disappointed—but, for the present depositing the precious piece of velvet in her bosom.

A gentleman now entered, bearing an immense bundle of flowers. He was immediately surrounded by ladies, all of them breaking out into raptures at the sight of his bouquet, which in a short time was gallantly divided among them. "Here"—said the gentleman—"is a sprig of geranium from the same plant as one which I had the honor of presenting this morning to her grace the duchess of Delvington; and she condescended to reward me with one of her most affable smiles. And the fellow to this Otaheitean rose, was admitted to a place in the hair of Lady Flora Flowerdale when she dressed for dinner."

He was stopped short in this *catalogue raisonnée* of his flowers, by the stopping of a coach at the door. "Ah!"—said Mrs. Blagden—"that must be Mr. Suppenloffel."

"Or Mr. Knight, perhaps"—observed some one.

"Oh! no—Mr. Knight never rides. He calls himself weather-proof; and says he dresses in such a way as to keep out both heat and cold. He is situated in the war office: and when office-hours are hover, he does as much walking as he can, by way of hexercise, and goes about picking up things. He catches all his hideas in that way; and you'll soon see how he turns them to account."

A respectable looking elderly gentleman now appeared, habited in a full suit of brown even to his wig, which matched his clothes exactly. He wore a small diamond pin in his frill, and had a diamond ring on his finger. His face was very German. He was announced as Mr. Suppenloffel; and there was a silence of two minutes; the com-

pany being struck with awe, and Mrs. Blagden smiling in dumb delight. "At last, am I seeing the king's cook!"—said Laura, in a suppressed voice, after drawing a long breath, and gazing steadily upon him. The boys checked their unguarded little sister, who cast down her eyes in confusion; but the old German had overheard her, and kindly patting her head, he said to her—"Yes—mine dear—I possess the honour of being holden in that station, and serving mine royal master so as to make him please. His majesty's praisesments are brought to me often."

Juliet now whispered something to Mrs. Blagden, who smiled and nodded, and then advancing Mr. Suppenloffel, said to him—"I am desired, sir, by particular request of a young American person, (oping no offence), to ask you if you have no objection to mention (that is if it's no secret) what dish his majesty is most particularly fond of."

"Juliet, did you say all that?"—inquired Franklin, turning to his sister.

"Oh! no, certainly not!"—replied Juliet, half-laughing.

"It is easy to perceive"—said Charles—"that Mrs. Blagden has worded the inquiry in her own way."

"Why should such an inquiry be made at all?"—remarked Franklin, indignantly.

"If it's the least disagreeable for you to tell"—pursued Mrs. Blagden—still addressing Mr. Suppenloffel—"we won't insist, and will umblly beg pardon for so presuming. Only it's so natural, (particularly for Americans) to wish to know his majesty's favourite dish."

"Boiled mutton?"—replied the king's cook—his hesitation in telling being evidently caused by a reluctance to disclose the homely taste of his royal master; which taste had in truth often proved a source of annoyance to him.

"His majesty, though the most best of the kings, is all for the simplicity"—continued Mr. Suppenloffel. "My small poor talents would be wasted away, if his royal childer did resemble to him." Then turning to the gentleman of the great bouquet, he proceeded—"Ah! my good friend Mr. Cuttings, I hear you have got one new place at the Duke of Delvington's—and that you do stand very much chance of being his headmost gardener. That is well; for the gardeners of foolish people do grow rich men sooner than any other of the servants. We know that in Yarmany."

The assistant gardener walked away seeming to laugh.

Mr. Suppenloffel now cast his eyes on the tall handsome young gentleman with the remains of powder in his hair. "Well, John"—said he—"I see your leg is quite got well, that you brokeed when you did fall off from behind that carriage of the Earl of Tilt and Totter, when he came one day to Windsor. I was cooling some boiled cream upon the pastry-office window, when I did see your master's carriage drive up to the gate with you and one more footman at the back of it. It was very strange

and extraordinary, as you have practised so much at holding on to the tossels: but you did give one tumble and off you fell. I did see it was mine son's friend John Jackson, and I had not time to look any longer, for it was mine duty to be called away to see at some peach jelly. But I heard you was picked up."

The footman now began to play with his cane, which he had unawares brought with him, use being second nature.

Mr. Suppenloffel afterwards accosted the gentleman in the frock coat and topped boots, and said to him—"Ah! Mr. Spurrier—I saw you going to that race-place Ascot. That was one fine nag you rided: quite as good as him of your marquis, that went before you. I like much to see a groom horsed as well as his master."

The marquis's groom whistled faintly, and looked down at his boots.

Mr. Suppenloffel now recognized some of the ladies; first paying his compliments to she of the round rosy face, inquiring if when "her mistress, Lady Caroline Giddings, was married to the Duke of Ratcastle she was to be taken at once to his family seat?" adding—"I remember you very plainly, Miss Muffet—I did see you often at Windsor with your lady." The lady's maid was so full of the music-master, that she could not forbear telling Mr. Suppenloffel (confidentially of course) that Lady Caroline hated the very sight of the old duke, that she was desperately in love with Signor Barbenegri—and that to her certain knowledge they were planning an elopement to Gretna Green.

The old gentleman next addressed himself to the young lady who was the dress oracle. "Well, Mademoiselle de Kneedles"—said he—"and how goes on the mantua-making business—do you still work at gowns for Mrs. Robings? I hear my daughters say that she has done very wise to get one Frenchwoman from France. It will bring her to more fashion."

"There never was any want of fashion at Mrs. Robings's establishment"—said Miss de Kneedles, bridling. "And now in addition to all our other ladies of rank, we have even got a footing in the royal family. We are under the patronage of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester."

The old *cuisinier de palais* continued going among the company that now crowded the parlour, and recognized them nearly all.

"What a monstrous memory the fellow has"—said Mr. Spurrier to Mr. John Jackson—"It's dangerous ever to have been seen by him."

"Pho"—said Mr. Jackson—"who cares!—Don't we all know one another."

"True"—said Mr. Cuttings—"but one don't like to be showed up before those very clever-looking American children."

It is needless to tell how much difficulty the young Manderfields found in keeping their countenances during all these successive disclosures, which were at first surprising, and then amusing to them.

At length a strange sort of knock was heard at

the street door, followed by a strange sound in the entry. Mrs. Blagden having given the key-note, there was a general buzz round the room of—"Mr. Knight—Mr. Knight—Here he is at last."

Still Mr. Knight did not appear;—but the barking of a dog was heard in the passage.

"Oh! Mrs. Blagden!"—said Laura—"I did not know you kept a dog. Why have not I seen him? I like dogs so much."

Mrs. Blagden looked queer.

Presently another dog began to bark in a still louder tone.—"Have you two dogs, Mrs. Blagden?"—said Charles—"that last one barks like a noble fellow."

Mrs. Blagden looked queerer still.

Then a voice was distinguished, saying—"Down, Dasher, down!—Back, Bingo, back." The dogs seemed to obey, and whined themselves gradually into silence.

"Mr. Knight!—Mr. Knight!"—exclaimed Mrs. Blagden extatically.—"Here he is—here comes the dear old gentleman that is to kill us all with laughing. I hope none of you have ever seen him before."

The children exchanged glances more significantly than ever, and then directed their looks towards the door, with an eagerness that seemed to say—"Had I three eyes I'd see thee."

The door opened, and in came Mr. Knight.

Mr. Knight entered;—and the young Manderfields found to their great relief, that he was *not* the fine old gentleman of the park; and this time they exchanged glances of congratulation.

Mr. Knight was a short thick personage with a broad good-humoured countenance, and a lively gray eye. He wore a tie-wig of the usual reddish colour that is so fashionable with elderly gentlemen. His dress was a blue coat with large metal buttons, a red waistcoat, brown knee-breeches, and broad-striped blue and white stockings of what our American boys called "the rock-fish pattern," terminating in shoes with immense silver buckles.

He marched up and paid his compliments to the lady of the house, who several times had had the felicity of meeting him at houses where she visited. Mrs. Blagden then conducted him out of the front parlour; and taking him through the back one where sat the supper-table, (its mysteries concealed by a large white cloth thrown lightly over it,) she put him through the door that opened upon the screen, and showed him the inclosure which was to form his behind-the-scenes. Here he was to commence the first part of the entertainment, for which she assured him in a whisper the company were all dying with impatience, particularly the young misses and masters from America, who had never had a chance of seeing any thing funny in their own country,—poor things. All proper arrangements being made, Mrs. Blagden returned to the company, and recommended strict silence to them all.

Presently was heard from behind the screen the exact sound of a drum and fife playing *The White*

Cockade, accompanied by the tread of soldiers marching in quick time. The imitation was so excellent that the hearers fell into raptures, declaring that Mr. Knight must certainly have been provided with a real drum and fife. Little Laura, however, who was seated near the screen on a low stool, rather behind her sister, contrived to peep through a crevice, and saw with wonder how Mr. Knight sat on his chair, pursing up his mouth to produce the sound of a fife, pounding both fists on the table to imitate "the doubling drum," and stamping his feet alternately on the floor to mimic the measured step of soldiers.

After this, he personated a trumpet, and "blew a blast so loud and dread," that, at first, his hearers were fain to stop their ears; but soon growing accustomed to it, they greeted its conclusion with "unbounded applause"—the boys joining vigorously in all these tokens of approbation.

Mrs. Blagden, who took on herself the part of property-woman, then went round through the back parlour, and supplied the musician with a bright copper tea-kettle. Turning it bottom upwards, and dubbing on it with his knuckles, he gave it the true metallic sound of a kettle-drum, to which, after awhile, he added an imitative bugle accompaniment very well executed. He then became a French horn, as his hostess called it; and afterwards a distant cannon, by means of holding in both hands an immense sheet of thick paper, and giving it at intervals a powerful shake, loud, and skilfully managed.

These military feats, which were really excellently done, were followed by some comic "acts," as a farce succeeds a play. Mr. Knight imitated a sweep ascending a chimney, scraping and brushing as he went up, and then singing out at the top. Next he was heard as a milkmaid, rattling her bucket-chains and yoke, as she set down her tin pails at the top of a customer's area, yelling out something that sounded like "Nuke below," according to the usual cry of English milk-people. In short, he went through a series of London cries with great and merited applause. Afterwards, he was a poultry yard, in which the language of the feathered bipeds, fowls, geese, and turkeys, was given to the life, and greeted with "tremendous applause." Little Laura in peeping behind the scenes, was equally amused and astonished, as she witnessed the strange contortions by which Mr. Knight produced these various sounds. She wondered if his face would ever get right again.

After Mr. Knight had been supplied with some refreshment in the form of a glass of wine, and what Mrs. Blagden called a plate of *am sandwidges*, brought to him by that lady in person, he began to demolish the properties; affecting to saw off the legs of his chair, (you could hear the saw going and the legs falling,) and then pretending to overset his table, with the terrific crash of all the things that were upon it. Never was any thing more natural.

These feats being accomplished, and the audi-

ence (who behaved à *merveille*) all properly astonished and delighted, Mr. Knight relinquished his invisibility, emerged from behind the screen, and made his bow in *propriâ persona*. The screen was then folded up, and removed, and Mr. Knight was inducted into an arm chair placed in the centre of the room. Here he gave the last act of his performance, which consisted of a comic story, and a comic song, well told and well sung.

Mr. Knight was undoubtedly a genius in his way, and he always took as much pleasure in amusing his audience, as his audience did in being amused by him. His song was a parody on a popular polacca, and it run somewhat in this manner:*

Slow] Go spread some bread and treacle nice,
And give each little boy a slice.
Go spre-a-ed some bre-a-ed,
Go spre-a-ed some bre-a-ed—
Go spread, go spread, some bread, some bread.
Go spread—

Quick] Bread and treacle, bread and treacle.

Slow] Bread—treacle—treacle—bread—
Treacle—bread—bread—treacle—

Quick] Treacle, treacle, treacle, bread, bread, bread—
Bread and treacle, bread and treacle,
Bread and treacle, bread and treacle—
Bread.

This song, as Mrs. Blagden said, reminded her of supper; and she marshalled the company into the adjoining parlour, giving her arm to Mr. Knight,

* This song was really composed and sung by an English gentleman of great comic powers.

who though the hero of the evening, was unavoidably placed on her left hand at table, being ranked by the king's cook, to whom was allotted the post of honour on the right of the hostess.

Mrs. Blagden had some fear that his majesty's cook would not be able to eat any thing at *her* table: but, to her great joy, the good gentleman did ample justice to her oysters, ham, chicken and salad, and even deigned to partake of her gooseberry tarts.

The young Manderfields, having promised their mother that they would faithfully retire at eleven o'clock, took their leave as soon as the cloth was removed, thanking Mrs. Blagden for the enjoyments of the evening, the boys shaking hands with Mr. Knight, and handsomely making their acknowledgements for the pleasure his talents had afforded them. "Americans or not"—said Mr. Knight, as they left the room—"those are the finest children I ever saw in my life."

The young Manderfields had really taken in so much amusement that they were found still awake and talking it over when their parents came home from the opera; and it was the chief subject of conversation all next day.

On comparing notes, each acknowledged having imbibed a secret apprehension that Mr. Knight and the old gentleman of the park might possibly be the same person, and all had felt it a relief to find themselves mistaken.

(To be continued.)

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FOURTH.

AFTER finding a house to their satisfaction, the Manderfield family in a few days removed thither. It was in a very pleasant, though somewhat retired street, in the western section of the town. In front was a pretty little garden blooming with flowers and flowering shrubs; and behind was one considerably larger. Three doors below, commenced a row of smaller but neat and well-finished dwellings, built for the accommodation of genteel people whose income was not above mediocrity.

The furniture of the Manderfields, being all new, was taken to the house, and completely arranged previous to the removal of the family, who, like all persons that have lived even a few weeks in lodgings, were very happy to find themselves in a house of their own. In consideration of the civilities received from Mrs. Blagden, each of the children was enabled by their parents to make her a pretty little present, which she received with great gratitude, and many compliments; assuring them that "they had quite hoped her heyest with regard to American persons, whom she now would make bold to say were nearly hequal to Henglish."

Towards the close of the day that succeeded their arrival at their new abode, Mr. Manderfield and his children were all in the front garden, weeding, watering and tying up the flowers, and debating on various improvements in the little parterre. Their voices attracted the attention of a gentleman who chanced to be passing, and when he turned his head towards them, they all recognized the stranger of St. James's park. He stopped at the iron railing while the girls put their hands through, and greeted him with smiles, and the boys ran delightedly to open the gate. Mr. Manderfield, understanding who it was, and much struck with his prepossessing appearance, now came forward, and thanked him warmly for the kindness he had shown the children on meeting them in their walks; and earnestly requested that he would come into the house, and rest himself, and be introduced to Mrs. Manderfield. "I have but just commenced my evening ramble"—replied the stranger,—after duly making his acknowledgments for the invitation,—“My residence is only six doors below yours.”

“Then you are our neighbour”—exclaimed the children—“We are so glad.”

Mr. Manderfield also expressed his pleasure,—adding a hope of seeing him frequently and uncere-moniously at the house.

“And yet”—said the stranger—“you know not

who I am—and you do not consider the possibility of hereafter discovering some objections to the cultivation of an acquaintance on your part so kindly and frankly proffered.”

“Oh! no—no!” cried the children.

“We are willing to take you on trust”—said Mr. Manderfield, with a smile. “In *my* country we are not apt to think unfavourably of a stranger unless he has given us *some* cause.”

“I too am an American!”—said the stranger, after a pause, in which he seemed to be struggling with some deep emotion.

The children, electrified and delighted, now gathered round him—and Juliet in finding him an American was so glad, that she forgot the hope she had at first entertained of his turning out a nobleman. Mr. Manderfield, at the stranger's announcement of his country, took his hand and shook it fervently. The old gentleman seemed much affected, and brushed a tear from his eye with his left hand, while his right trembled in the cordial grasp of his countryman. He did not speak, but took out a card, and presented it to Mr. Manderfield, who found on it the name of Winslow Serlingham. Mr. Manderfield then gave his own name,—and entreated his new friend to come in and pass the evening. Mr. Serlingham hesitated, but finally complied—saying—“The offer is so tempting, I cannot withstand it.”

Mr. Manderfield then took the arm of his guest, whose other hand was secured by little Laura, as she ran at his side; the boys following with Juliet. They found Mrs. Manderfield in the drawing-room, and her husband in presenting the stranger, said—“Our friend and countryman Mr. Serlingham.” And then explained, that this was the gentleman to whose kindness the children were so much indebted.

To be brief, Serlingham soon found himself seated at the *very American* tea-table of Mrs. Manderfield—and the conversation turned on the orchards, and the indigenous fruit trees of America.

When the repast was over, and the children sent out to take their usual evening walk, (for it wanted yet an hour of sunset,) Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield and their guest drew chairs round a front window that opened into a balcony, and through which the soft air of early summer wafted from the garden below the fragrance of such mignonette as is only found in England, and the delicious perfume of such roses as are never seen under the burning sun of America.

“Mr. Manderfield”—said Serlingham—“your home is Philadelphia. Have you been in Boston?”

"May I ask if you sometimes go there? It is my native place."

"I visited Boston on business, about a year since"—replied Mr. Manderfield.

"Are you acquainted with Delmour Cleland, who served in the army during the whole war of the revolution, but is now again a merchant?"—inquired Serlingham.

"Yes—Colonel Cleland, as he is still called. I have had some business transactions with him. When last in Boston I dined at his house."

"Did you—did you, indeed?"—exclaimed Serlingham, eagerly. "And his wife—did you see his wife?"

"I had that pleasure."

"Oh! Amelia!—Amelia! And can you recollect how she looked? What did you suppose her age?"

"I supposed her probably about thirty-five. I remember her well. She appeared to me a still beautiful woman with a somewhat melancholy expression in her deep blue eyes. Her eyes I perfectly recollect."

"Ah!"—said the old man,—"*she has but one cause of melancholy. And how was she dressed? Excuse me—it is a trifling question—but I should be so glad—it would be such a gratification to be enabled to form an idea of her whole appearance—to imagine how she looked.*"

"I do recollect"—said Mr. Manderfield—"that Mrs. Cleland wore a gray silk. I remarked it because of its black trimming: having always admired the chasteness and harmony of gray and black. I also remember that she had a remarkably becoming cap."

"No doubt of it"—said Serlingham. "She never spoke of dress—she never seemed to study it. Yet her taste was exquisite."

He then added, after a pause—"Mr. Manderfield, the minuteness of my questions must have surprised you. But you will pardon them when I tell you, that Amelia the wife of Colonel Cleland, is my daughter—my only daughter."

"I am very glad to hear it"—said Mr. Manderfield—"as I have fortunately been able to tell you that I have seen her."

"And now"—continued the old man, trembling with eagerness—"forgive me again—but did you see Emma—my daughter's daughter—my grandchild. A beautiful little cherub three years old. The sweetest, the loveliest, the most affectionate. Oh! did you see *her*?"

"I saw no little girl of that age"—replied Mr. Manderfield.

"Whither am I wandering?"—exclaimed Serlingham. "Certainly you did not. I am wild when I think of her. Emma cannot always be a child. She is now fourteen."

"I did see a charming young lady, apparently about that age, whom Colonel Cleland presented to me as his daughter"—replied Mr. Manderfield.

"Charming, indeed, she must be"—said Serlingham. "And now if you can recollect, inform

me, as nearly as possible, how *she* looked. Yet stay—do not tell me now. Some other time I will try and nerve myself to hear it. Let me a little longer allow myself the melancholy pleasure of imagining her as she looked when last I saw her. I cannot bear to displace the image that has so many years remained in such vivid colours on my mind. They proposed last year, to send me her portrait, painted as she now is. But I declined the offer;—for I knew that if it came, I should scarcely have courage to open the box that contained it, knowing that the first glance would dispel the beloved illusion, and that I could never again think of Emma exactly as I have thought of her so long."

The old man leaned back in his chair, and held his handkerchief to his eyes; and Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield clasped each other's hands in sympathy.

"And now"—continued Serlingham—when he had become a little composed—"tell me if you heard her speak. But it is too much to hope you have the least recollection of any thing she said."

"I am sorry to reply that I have not"—replied Mr. Manderfield. "I know she said but little. Yet I remember that she had a sweet voice, and that I was struck with her intelligent manner of listening to the conversation."

"That she is intelligent,—and highly so,—I have the happiness of knowing from her letters. The dear little thing!—she wrote me one with a lead pencil when she was only six years old,—describing to me her new doll, and telling the feats of her two kittens. What days of happiness are those on which I receive her letters,—I always open them first, before either her mother's or her father's. And how grateful I am to my daughter and her husband for having so sedulously cherished in this darling child the affection which from her earliest infancy she showed for her doating grandfather."

Serlingham then started from his chair, and traversed the room in silent perturbation. Afterwards, he resumed his seat, and endeavoured to converse on ordinary topics—but his manner was *distrait*, and in less than half an hour, he rose and took his leave, saying with an effort to smile—"I have behaved sadly to my kind friends, on this my first visit—but I will try to do better when we meet again. In truth, I ought not to trust myself to talk of these things. But nature will break out sometimes. And it is the first time I have had the melancholy happiness of seeing one who has seen Emma. Since the day I first met your children, I have walked in all directions and visited all places where I thought it most likely to meet them, and to feast my eyes with a sight of your sweet Laura, who notwithstanding some difference in age, has so singular a resemblance to my darling grandchild."

The old gentleman then departed, amid pressing entreaties from Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield to repeat his visits as often as he felt an inclination.

"Ah!"—said Mrs. Manderfield, after Serling-

ham had departed—"how much it is to be regretted that the interests of business so often interfere with domestic happiness. The poor old gentleman—if he could only arrange his affairs so as to live always in his own country!" And looking fondly at her husband, she repeated

"Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost."

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, Serlingham came in to request an afternoon visit from the Manderfield family; being desirous, as he said, of showing them his little garden, and some other things. The invitation was cheerfully accepted; and, as soon as dinner was over, they all repaired to the dwelling of their neighbour; and found it fitted up with much taste and neatness. His servants were an elderly man and wife. He had a good library; on the walls of which spaces had been found for an old map of North America, a plan of the town of Boston before the revolution; and also engraved portraits of Sebastian Cabot, and John Winthrop. In his little front garden, which had attracted the attention of the Manderfield family before they knew who was the occupant of the house, were two shrubs of the American laurel, one clustered with its pink blossoms, so delicately pencilled and pointed; and there was a dog-wood covered with broad white flowers. In the centre stood a young tulip tree with its large honey-cups of red and yellow shading into light green. Each parlour window was shaded by luxuriant vines of the convolvulus major, the "morning glory" of America, and at that time a rarity in England, and cultivated with much care. These were planted in capacious pots, and trained like geraniums to clamber over large fan-spreading frames.

In the back garden was a pump of very cool clear water; near which, that it might benefit by the dampness of the ground, had been planted a magnolia, which though eight years old had not yet blossomed,—but the owner still hoped, each successive season, that perhaps it would. Near it, partaking also of the moist soil, were a few tall feathery sprigs with scarcely perceptible little green berries upon them. These were cranberry plants. Among other Americanisms were some stalks of Indian corn, looking, it is true, more like those of East Jersey than of Western Pennsylvania. But the pride of the garden was a flourishing bed of Boston squashes, whose numerous large yellow blossoms gave promise of a fine crop of that vegetable. By the bye, how much we want a word, one general, comprehensive, easily-said word to express at once, what are called vegetables by American townspeople, and *sass* by American country-folks; widgeables by many of the coloured population, and wahbles by a few. It is true they are vegetable substances, but so also are fruits, and grapes, and forest-trees. The English "garden-stuff," or "garden-truck" is still worse; so are green-grocers, the people in England that sell these trucks and stuffs. We Americans are partly

accused of coining words; but we rather like the accusation. It is another proof of our inventive genius. Besides, a new country that has so many new things, could not get along without new words. Will no one coin a word, sensible and yet simple, accessible to people of all classes, and implying exclusively such things as culinary vegetables, and garden-truck. He who does this, will deserve well of his country. We know of many other words that ought to be coined, but we will reserve them for some future digression.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the time that had elapsed since their leaving America, the Manderfields were all delighted to see in a foreign land these little specimens of the productions of their own country; the seeds and plants having been sent to Serlingham by his relatives in Boston. Every vessel that came from New England (it is true that at that period they were few and far between) bringing him proofs of affectionate remembrance; including, of course, letters and newspapers.

When the guests returned to the front parlour, they found a table set out with New Haven pickled oysters, Boston biscuits, Connecticut pippins, and several other nice articles purely American. The old gentleman did the honours of the repast in the most hospitable and courtly manner; and when it was over, he took his visitors again into the library, and showed them some curious books, and a portfolio of engravings from the best British artists. Also, two new pictorial works which especially interested Juliet; one of them a selection of views of noblemen's country-seats; and the other of landscapes comprising the most picturesque of those English castles and abbeys, whose ivied ruins seem always surrounded by an atmosphere of history and romance.

While Mr. Manderfield and the young people were engaged in looking over these things, Serlingham conducted Mrs. Manderfield into the other room, and opening a closet, took out a small blue morocco trunk which stood on one of the shelves, and unlocking it he said—"I will show you something that I value most highly. And I am sure you will neither smile nor think me foolish."

He took out a little girl's white muslin frock, the bosom and sleeves trimmed with fine lace, but grown very yellow from lying by. Near it lay a broad pink-ribbon, tied in a bow with long ends. There was also a pair of little red morocco shoes, with silver clasps engraved E. C.

The old gentleman took the dress in his hand, and said with a voice of deep emotion—"This is Emma's frock. And here is her sash. The empty ribbon is tied in the same manner as when it encircled her waist. And those are her shoes. But her dear little feet are not in them now. She wore these things on the day I left America; when for the last time I held her in my arms, and her dimpled white hands were clasped round my neck, and her soft bright curls rested on my cheek, and were wet with the tears that streamed from my eyes;

for,—I will not conceal it,—I wept as sadly as did the sweet loving child herself. Oh! what an effort it was to put her into her mother's arms, and turn away to see her no more. Twice I made that desperate effort; and still I turned back, and kissed her once again. When I wrote by the pilot, I implored Amelia to send me by the next ship, the dress worn by her lovely child on the melancholy day of our parting. This was done,—and these mementoes of my little granddaughter arrived in London but a fortnight after myself. A ringlet of her beautiful hair I had brought with me; and when I am dead, it shall be buried in my right hand. It is in that little silver box. I would show it to you. But I think, to-day, I cannot. Oh! Mrs. Manderfield! you know not how your charming little Laura reminds of my Emma; notwithstanding the slight difference in their ages. The likeness is most extraordinary. It is said (and I believe it) that whenever there is found between two persons who are unconnected as kindred, a striking resemblance in features, and expression, there is the same similarity in mind and heart."

"I have myself imbibed the same idea"—said Mrs. Manderfield—"and experience has always borne it out."

"This"—continued Serlingham—"I hope will excuse my presuming to make acquaintance with your children, when I saw them accidentally in the park; and also my desire to improve that acquaintance as often as I had the happiness of meeting them. And then, too, they were American children—bright; joyous; and natural. But let us return to them, in the library."

He then led the conversation to a cheerful subject, and shortly afterwards his guests took leave, and returned to their own house.

The intimacy between Serlingham and the Manderfields increased every day. He proved a most excellent neighbour, and being also a gentleman he had too much tact to be obtrusive or officious. He walked with the children, (whose eyes always brightened at the sight of him,) took them to see places and things worthy of note, related to them amusing and interesting anecdotes,—and in short, a day seemed to want its zest, if in the course of it they saw nothing of their good old friend. Of his beloved Emma he seemed at times almost afraid to trust himself to speak; but he often looked silently at her resemblance in Laura Manderfield, till he was obliged to turn away to conceal his emotion.

Having just received some American newspapers which he was desirous of showing to the old gentleman, Mr. Manderfield repaired to the dwelling of his neighbour, whom he found in the library. The arrival of a new minister from the United States to the Court of St. James was mentioned. The ambassador had already reached London, and had taken apartments, for the present, at one of the principal hotels. "We will go to-morrow and pay our respects to him"—said Mr. Manderfield. "At what hour shall I call for you?"

Serlingham changed colour, and said—"Excuse me—I never pay visits of ceremony. And I do not know this gentleman."

"But he is the representative of our nation"—urged Mr. Manderfield. "Surely you will not be deficient in the observances due to his office. Also, does not his high character for talent, integrity, and eloquence, render it desirable to know him as a man?"

"True—most true—yet still I cannot accompany you to visit him."

"Well then"—continued Mr. Manderfield—"Wednesday is the Fourth of July—you will see him at the American dinner. Shall I get your ticket with mine? I am going that way this morning."

Serlingham remained silent, and threw himself back in his chair. At last he said—"I cannot be introduced to the American minister. I cannot go to the Fourth of July festival. Now, or ever."

"Are you not really an American?"—inquired Mr. Manderfield in some surprise.

"Yes—I am—I am a native American; and so was my father, and so were both my grandfathers. But I cannot meet my countrymen on the anniversary of the day from whence they date their independence. It is a glorious day for them. I know, I feel that it is. But I am no fellow-citizen of theirs. And I dare not present myself to the representative of their glorious republic—for glorious I see that it will be. Mr. Manderfield, you look as if a light was dawning upon you. Have you never suspected it before? You guess rightly. It is so. It is —" And covering his face with his hands the old man exclaimed—"I confess it, in shame, and agony—I am a refugee."

Mr. Manderfield looked at him silently, and in deep commiseration, while the unhappy Serlingham bent his forehead down to the table, and clasped his hands above it. In a few minutes he raised his head, and said, despairingly—"Yes—you see before you a refugee, a royalist—a pensioner of England—living on a stipend granted by that government from whose chains his brave countrymen broke loose. You now perceive the fatal gulf that divides me for ever from the land of my birth, and from all that on earth I hold dear. My daughter's husband Colonel Cleland, who fought long and gallantly for the cause his father-in-law endeavoured to betray! My Amelia—my only child—over whose life I have cast a shadow which can never be dispelled! And their darling, darling little girl—my Emma, whom I love beyond any thing on earth! I am sundered from them all—and by my own act. And no one mentions my name to them—my dishonoured name. No one asks them if I am living or dead. To spare their feelings, no one even alludes to me in their presence. But when my children are *not* present—then there is no restraint—then Winslow Serlingham is spoken of—as he deserves. Yes—you now know what has separated me from my loved ones; and that in this world I can meet them no more."

"Will they not come over to see you?"—inquired Mr. Manderfield.

"Gladly would they do so—and they have proposed it more than once. But tempting, as was the offer, I have rejected it. All the happiness of seeing them again would be embittered by knowing that every hour would bring us nearer to another parting. And that second parting, I could not live and endure. How could I continue to exist after they were all gone, leaving me to my loneliness and desolation. America must always be the home of my son-in-law and his family; and mine it can never be again. In this world I shall see them no more. Oh! that lovely child—she is always before me. Her infant beauty—her innocence—her sweetness—her affectionate little heart—the brightness and intelligence of her dawning mind. I recall continually all her winning little ways—the amusing things she said and did—I seem to recollect them every one. Sometimes I dream of her. I hope I shall to-night. But how sad is the waking from such dreams."

"Yet now"—said Mr. Manderfield—"now that all is amicably settled, the federal government firmly established, and prospering beyond the hopes even of its illustrious founders—now that no further danger can be apprehended from those persons who from principle adhered to the cause of monarchy—surely some arrangement might be made which would enable you to return to America."

"And under what circumstances would I return"—answered Serlingham. "Hear my confession. I was once opulent in condition, respectable in character. I numbered among my friends all the principal men of New England. My house was one of the best in Boston; a noble mansion surrounded by a shrubbery and shaded by beautiful trees, whose blossoms in the spring filled the air with fragrance. I had horses, carriages, and servants in livery. I lived well and hospitably. My first grief was caused by the loss of my wife, who died about ten years after our marriage, leaving no child but my Amelia. My daughter's looks resembled mine; but in her little Emma I traced an extraordinary likeness to my beloved wife. I never

married again. My daughter at the age of seventeen was united to the man of her choice, sanctioned by my warm approval. We all lived together in as much felicity as can fall to the lot of human beings, till the troubles between young America and her parent country assumed a threatening aspect on both sides. My son-in-law and myself began to differ widely in our political opinions. In my youth I had been sent to England for my education, and I graduated at Oxford; after which, I spent a year in London; the companion of young noblemen, and a frequent guest at the magnificent mansions of the British aristocracy. I imbibed a predilection for the time-worn institutions of England; for the system of privileged orders; hereditary successions; and for royalty as the capital of the lofty column which I believed had a right to look proudly down upon the whole universe. By means of some of my noble friends, I became acquainted with two of the king's sons, the Dukes of York and Clarence—and I was foolishly dazzled with the honour of being seen in social intercourse with princes. I came home, with regret: but my attention was soon engaged in an extensive and profitable business. I married one of the loveliest of women,—whose loss was all that embittered my happiness, previous to the outbreak of the revolution. From the beginning, I had opposed the appeal to arms, and the defiance of all authority emanating from the British government. I loved America (and deeply, intensely do I love her still), but I regarded her as a wayward and turbulent child, eager to catch at every pretext for throwing off the yoke of that country to whose hardy and enterprising colonists, she owed her existence. I predicted the wildest and most lawless anarchy, should the rebellion, as I called it, be crowned with success. Thank Heaven, I have lived to see that my prediction was not verified. I considered it the duty of every good citizen to throw what obstacles he could in the way of the rebels that they might the sooner be induced to abandon their enterprise and return to their allegiance. In a word I became a tory."

(To be continued.)

THE GOVERNESS.

A SKETCH.

BY F. E. F, AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "THE DECAYED FAMILY," ETC.

"Who is singing?" asked Miss Brooks, as the sound of a clear and musical voice hushed for an instant the busy hum of numerous voices at a large party at Mr. Gorham's.

"Miss St. Clair, the daughter of the late Judge St. Clair," answered Mr. Gorham, "my daughter's governess," with a degree of superadded dignity, occasioned by the pleasant recollection that Judge St. Clair's daughter was "*his* daughter's governess."

"Ah! the governess!" passed from lip to lip, and the voice seemed to lose its melody and the music its charm, for the buzz of conversation was renewed only to gain force and confidence from the sound of the piano. This was before fashion combined with good taste to render silence during music a point of good breeding. A few true lovers of melody crowded close to the performer to catch the tones of that exquisite voice, fully appreciating its power and its pathos although it was *paid* for.

"Exquisite," said Mrs. Hamilton, as she ceased. "If it is not imposing on your good nature, Miss St. Clair, to ask for more after so brilliant and difficult a piece, might I petition for one simple English song, 'Oh! no, they shall not see me weep.'"

She raised her dark sad eyes to the speaker with an expression of pain, as she said, faintly—

"Oh, no—not that—any thing else, and I shall be happy to oblige you."

Mrs. Hamilton felt that she had unintentionally given pain, and as she gazed upon that face now lighted by a glow of emotion, the eyes so expressive of sensibility, rendering her for the moment almost beautiful, she saw with no common interest that she was unhappy.

The colour faded from her cheek, and the next moment found her pale, sallow and abstracted, without beauty to attract or fashion to command attention. She rose from her seat and continued to stand by the piano, feeling the awkward embarrassment of her situation—for she was a stranger and "the governess."

"How melancholy that poor girl looks," observed the kind hearted Mrs. Hamilton to Miss Brooks. "She seems to know no one. Let me introduce you."

"Oh, excuse me," answered the young lady; "I always feel so awkwardly with those kind of people. Indeed, I think it exceedingly bad taste in the Gorhams to bring her forward in this way."

"I cannot see that," replied Mrs. Hamilton.

"She is of one of the best families in the country."

"I know all that," rejoined Miss Brooks, hastily, "but one always feels at a loss with persons in her situation; and then its such a bore."

"She is so very lady-like and accomplished," persisted Mrs. Hamilton.

"Oh, of course," answered Miss Brooks, as if that was no more than was to be expected from "a person in her situation."

Mrs. Hamilton contended the point no longer, but wound her way to the piano and gently engaged Miss St. Clair in conversation. The graceful sweetness of her manners would have touched a heart less grateful and more used to kindness than that of our poor heroine; and her politeness was rewarded with an emotion that told how rare such acts of courtesy were to "those kind of people."

"Miss St. Clair, my daughter is going to sing; you will be so good as to accompany her," said, or rather desired, Mr. Gorham, as Miss Gorham, a red-haired ugly girl, approached the piano. She sang as badly as young ladies generally do, but being my host's daughter, she was listened to with attention, if not pleasure, and her father and herself were complimented on a performance that was certainly in no danger of being considered "professional."

The party passed off as those usually do, when the hosts hope to win fashion by the splendour of their entertainments, rather than the elegance of their manners—that is to say, the conversation was noisy, the music poor, and the supper superb.

Mr. Gorham was that anomaly not so rare as one would think—a man of talents with the weaknesses of a fool. With an intellect that commanded respect, and an eloquence that often held hushed in silence crowded assemblies, he yet sighed for fashion. A poor boy scrambling into education, a young lawyer struggling for existence, a man fighting for fashions ever one and the same, he had fairly gone through the world *head foremost*, and achieved fortune and reputation. Proudly might he have rested there, could he have been content to let the fickle goddess fashion slight or court him as she would. But no—the man was a parvenu every inch of him, and pined for the notice of those whom he had seen rolling in carriages, when he, a boy, trudged it a-foot; for although in his career through life he had surmounted difficulties and conquered fortune, fashion still baffled and eluded his grasp, as it is well known she is a coquette often capriciously flying those who most seek her favours.

Had he had a pretty wife or a graceful daughter, the matter would have been soon settled. But Mrs. Gorham, who had married in the days of his obscurity, now a plain, middle aged, motherly woman, was little calculated to aid him in attaining his present object; and his daughter, endowed with the coarseness of her father's mind, without its acuteness, was as plain in person as ungraceful in manner.

Not only did Mr. Gorham possess the weaknesses, but most unfortunately the temper of a fool. Pertinacious, meddling, teasing, all pervading in his household, he is only to be described by the one word—hateful.

Judge St. Clair had died some months before the period when our story opens, leaving his family nothing but a reputation for talents, worth and integrity, of which they might well be proud, but which alone was a poor provision for the increasing wants of a growing family. Anna, our governess, was his eldest child; and many were the long and anxious conversations held between her mother and herself as to the means of educating and providing for the younger children, which ended always in a depression of spirits bordering on despair. After one of these melancholy consultations, Anna, with a full heart, took a resolution which she did not communicate to her mother until she had put it in execution. She felt that she was the only member of the family whose age had enabled her to profit to any great degree by the advantages bestowed upon her with a liberal hand by her father, and she resolved to exert those talents which he had so delighted to cultivate for the benefit of her younger brothers and sisters. She wrote therefore to a friend in New York, (they were living on a small farm belonging to her mother on Long Island,) to request her aid in procuring her a situation as a governess. It was not done without a bitterness of heart the prosperous can never understand; for the St. Clairs were a proud family, and keenly alive to all the mortifications of their changed position. She spared her mother the pain of giving her consent to a scheme she could only weep over in silent acquiescence, blessing her daughter's disinterestedness when she found it settled.

The following answer was received from her New York friend in the course of a few weeks:—

"I have received, dear Anne, two applications in answer to the advertisement you desired me to put in the papers—one from the Clavers, a family well known for their kind hearted refinement and well bred manners; but I regret to say that their means will permit them to give you but three hundred dollars. The other is from Mr. Gorham, who offers you eight hundred, five of which, if I mistake not, is for your *name*, the remaining three hundred for your acquirements, as he said, with an odd sort of complacency, 'a daughter of Judge St. Clair—that *sounds* well.' With the Clavers you will have every comfort and happiness that the

situation admits of—with Mr. Gorham, the salary, I fear, will be your only compensation; but, knowing your object, I cannot advise you as to your choice.

"Yours truly, E. L."

We need not say that, circumstanced as poor Anna was, she did not hesitate to accept Mr. Gorham's offer. The separation from her family, rendered bitter by its circumstances, was resolved upon in the noblest spirit of self sacrifice; and scarcely giving herself time to dwell upon its reality, she left her home at once for New York, to commence a life, the trials of which are heavy and grievous for a young heart and proud spirit. Young, sensitive, proud and poor! Happy are they who are unconscious of the anguish contained in those two last words.

She was received by Mrs. Gorham with a motherly kindness, which her trembling spirit needed; by the young lady, with haughty indifference, and by Mr. Gorham, with a pompous patronage, which told her as plainly as the insolent carelessness of the daughter, that she was neither to consider herself, nor be considered by others, as an equal. When Mr. Gorham paid eight hundred a year for the privilege of looking upon her as an inferior, he had no idea of the extravagance of not enjoying that privilege to the full extent of his capacity, and one would absolutely have supposed that impertinence was one of the accomplishments he meant through her means to instil into his children. Not but that they were told in long and frequent harangues, (which generally took place at dinner,) that they were to treat Miss St. Clair with respect and obey her implicitly, which precepts were beautifully followed up by example, Miss St. Clair being always the last helped at table, the only person to whom the wine was not passed, or towards whom other of the ordinary civilities practised among civilized beings, omitted. "Miss St. Clair will do this," and "Miss St. Clair will go there," was announced with as little courtesy or reference to Miss St. Clair's feelings or wishes, as if Miss St. Clair had been an automaton; nor did the poor girl ever venture upon the smallest act of independence that did not elicit a degree of indignation and astonishment from Mr. Gorham, that confounded and overwhelmed her. Her nominal duties were slight, but the real obligations unceasing. She had expected to devote many hours of the day to instruction, and entered upon her office with an eager wish and conscientious intention of fulfilling its duties. But to be called upon not only to instruct her young pupils during school hours, but to amuse them in the intervals, to walk with them, to ride with them, sit with them—nay, even sleep with them—was more than she had been prepared to expect. But she was soon made to feel that she was bought and paid for, and that not a minute of her time nor a second of her thoughts were to be her own. And had the constant calls upon her time and attention ceased with the re-

requirements of the children, she might have found "some drop of patience in her soul," but Mrs. Gorham, though naturally a kind hearted woman, was scarce less exacting in her simple-minded selfishness than the rest of the family. Like most persons of her age, she was a devourer of newspapers, which she read slowly to comprehend yet more slowly. Complaining one evening that her eyes were weak, Anna kindly offered to read to her, whereupon Mr. Gorham looked up from his writing, and said, "Certainly, my dear, let Miss St. Clair always read to you," and the bright idea was at once acted upon.

Slowly and distinctly, and often compelled to go back several passages which were not to be comprehended on the first hearing, was poor Miss St. Clair compelled to read hour after hour the dull details of half a dozen daily papers; and when hoarse and exhausted, she rose as the family broke up to retire, Mrs. Gorham kindly said, "I am afraid, Miss St. Clair, you are tired," she never dreamt of the propriety of not calling upon her another time for such a length of continued exertion.

Painfully wore on the sad and weary weeks and months that formed the first year of poor Anna's residence at Mr. Gorham's. The monotony of her daily trials was only diversified and heightened by an introduction into gayer scenes, where she was surrounded by strangers, who, careless and thoughtless in their own happiness, had little time or attention to bestow upon our slighted governess, beyond a passing look of surprise at meeting her in scenes where they deemed she had no place.

That those whose business it is to instruct, to teach the ignorant some of those graces and acquirements that adorn society and refine social life, should be looked upon with a feeling so very nearly approaching contempt, that it can scarce merit a gentler name, is a fact no less true than strange; and in proportion as the ignorance is profound is the scorn deep. To be a "teacher" is avowedly to be an inferior. In our commercial world, we generally value what we pay for, saving and excepting always, knowledge—but then the equality of buyer and seller vanish. The barterer of cottons and cloths looks with contempt upon him or her whose stock in trade is the "gift of tongues," the melody of music, or the painter's palette.

Alas! for those whose reversed fortunes may bring them with cultivated intellects and refined feelings to that most painful of estates, an *equivocal position*.

Unmitigated pain, however, falls to the lot perhaps of no human being, and there were moments when poor Anna's eyes beamed with happiness and her heart throbbed with joy that was scarce suspected by those who could not most probably have comprehended its sources had they been aware of the fact, and these were when she received letters from home—letters whose deep affection and warm gratitude told her her sacrifices were

not made in vain; that her young brothers were reaping the benefits of the advantages her generosity bestowed upon them, and were rapidly advancing in paths which, steadily pursued, would finally enable them to attain independence and revive the fallen fortunes of the family. And then her dear mother and feeble sister were surrounded with some of the necessities, not to say comforts of life, "all, all owing to her dearest Anna." At such moments as these, the cares and trials of her situation seemed light indeed, and she received a fresh impetus of cheerfulness that sustained her for days together, almost insensible to what at other moments stung her to the quick. "Could she have kept her spirit to that flight, she would have been happy." But though we may despise the weapon, the wound inflicted is no less deep; and reason with herself as she would, she could not cure herself of feeling.

One evening, at one of those assemblies Mr. Gorham was fond of giving, when he could display his wealth and thereby, as he hoped, gain distinction in the gay world, Anna saw him advance with an emprossement and respect that only marked his manner when addressing some one of decided fashion, to receive a gentleman whose face she did not see. In a moment, she saw the stranger introduced to Miss Gorham, whose reception of him was not less distinguished than her father's; and had our heroine not been assured from his general air and manner that he was one of "the wealthy courted darlings of the nations," she would have been persuaded of the fact from the attention he received from those whose only criterion was the stamp of society.

As her eyes happened again to wander in the direction where the stranger stood, he turned his head and caught her glance, when, with a look of quick recognition and decided pleasure, he advanced, exclaiming—

"Miss St. Clair, is it possible!" and most cordial were the greetings that took place between them.

The surprise amounting almost to indignation of Mr. Gorham and his daughter, would perhaps be best expressed in the simple language of one of the children, who exclaimed—

"Lor! he knows our school madam."

Frank Leslie had intimately known the St. Clairs in the palmy days of their prosperity, but having been abroad some years, and not kept up with the progress of events at home, he had quite lost sight of the St. Clairs, and in fact almost forgotten them, when he so unexpectedly met our heroine. Rapid and earnest were the inquiries he made after her family. The recurrence to former friends and times brought the quick colour to her cheeks, and lit up her eyes with alternate smiles and tears, and the conversation bid fair to be as long as it was interesting. But her emotion was checked and his animation arrested by Mr. Gorham's approaching with a demand for music, in a manner that caused Mr. Leslie to regard him with more surprise than pleasure. He quickly forgave

or rather forgot him, however, in the rich melody that presently floated in the air; and as a passionate lover of music he listened with delight to the exquisite voice and brilliant execution of Anna St. Clair. He was soon compelled, by an engagement to a larger and more brilliant party, to make his bow to Mrs. Gorham, which he did with the less regret as he felt that he could scarcely devote more of his attentions to Anna if he remained. Quickly transferred to another crowd, and dancing and flirting with the belles of the evening, he often found his attention wandering and his mind dwelling upon a pair of dark eyes that beamed with true sensibility, and a sweet voice whose every tone was feeling, in strong contrast to the gay and careless beauties who received his attentions with more animation but less emotion than that he had just excited.

"Mr. Leslie called upon me this morning, Papa," said Miss Gorham to her father the day after the party; and on the visit being repeated a few days after, it was again triumphantly announced by the young lady to her father without a suspicion that the gentleman's visits could be prompted from a desire to see any one but herself.

Mr. Gorham was scarcely less gratified than his daughter at the decided inclination Mr. Leslie manifested to visit frequently at his house, and the pressing and urgent invitations he received to dinner and supper, were always accepted with marked pleasure.

'Tis true, Mr. Gorham often noticed that he conversed more with Miss St. Clair than was at all necessary, and indeed he had once or twice been upon the point of intimating to him that Miss St. Clair was not in the habit of receiving such attentions, as he concluded of course that it was only out of compliment to his family that their "governess" should be included in any civilities extended to them; and Miss Gorham was frequently provoked that Leslie should ask so often for music and appeal to Anna rather than herself.

For our heroine herself, life seemed suddenly endued with fresh powers of enjoyment. The sun shone more brightly, the air was more elastic, and music had charms it had never known before. Where were the slights and the mortifications she had once felt so keenly? They might be there perhaps as usual, but she had ceased to notice them. With a mind dwelling on other things, and a heart occupied by new emotions, there seemed an influence around and about her that warded off like a charm the poisoned arrows of impertinence.

The second year of her residence at Mr. Gorham's was concluded at this time, when she mentioned her wish to pay a visit home before renewing a second term. As it happened to suit with his convenience, meaning to take his family to the sea side, Mr. Gorham graciously gave his consent, feeling thereby that he was doing a great kindness,

which, "when he could do so without inconvenience," as he kindly informed Miss St. Clair, "he was always happy to do."

At the expiration of a few weeks, when the family returned to the city, they found two letters from Miss St. Clair—one to Mr. Gorham, simply but politely declining to renew her engagement in his family; another more cordial to Mrs. Gorham, announcing her intended marriage with Mr. Leslie, who had followed her to the country, where, with the joyful consent of her mother, he had addressed and won the happy daughter.

The astonishment this announcement created was great, not only in Mr. Gorham's family, where it was received even with indignation, but by the wide circle of Mr. Leslie's acquaintance. Miss St. Clair, it was admitted on every side, was Mr. Leslie's equal in birth, manners and education. But few have the generosity to see with pleasure those elevated to high places whom circumstances have depressed to unusual poverty; and Miss Gorham was even known to reply to some one, urging the equality in all respects but that of fortune of the bride elect—

"Yes—but then it is *such* a match for her," which in fact seemed the chief if not only objection in the public mind, as well as in that of Miss Gorham, to the engagement. Many a beauty wondered that the fashionable, agreeable Leslie, "who might have got her or any body he pleased for the asking, choosing that dark, plain, little governess, that nobody knew."

Although beauties seem by common consent to be considered alone as entitled to make brilliant marriages, do the facts sustain the sentiment?

Leslie had seen society in all its aspects. Beauties had smiled and wits flashed, and accomplishments been displayed for him; but the true sensibility and deep feeling of Anna St. Clair had done what neither wit nor beauty had effected—it captivated his imagination and secured his heart. And when, the following winter, Mrs. Leslie took her place in society at the head of an elegant establishment, the bright and happy wife of one who knew how to value and appreciate her, and was met in those gay circles she had once so dreaded, introducing a younger sister under very different auspices, many saw a charm in her animated and expressive countenance, now irradiated by happiness, that led them to pronounce her, if not absolutely handsome, yet "pretty enough!"

Need we say that the Gorhams were among her earliest and most flattering visitors, or that the intimacy that was so eagerly sought and the attentions that were so profusely bestowed, were gently but decidedly refused; for Mr. Leslie could not forgive, nor even sweet, gentle Mrs. Leslie, quite forget, charitable as she was disposed to be in her proud and perfect happiness, the slights and insults offered to "the governess."

THE MAN WITH TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"ALWAYS, my dear Ned, always be sure and have two strings to your bow," was among the last exhortations of old Simon Plausible to his only son and heir.

Ned did not require any such advice; for it had long been one of the leading articles of his moral code. He began the practice of it in the nursery; and continued it through life. The maxim always came in play, at every step of any consequence which he took. When a boy at the Rev. Mr. Drubber's seminary, the class to which he belonged were on one occasion undergoing an examination in Virgil. A distribution of medals depended upon the result, and some of the dignitaries of the city were present. Ned had studied that portion of the Georgics in which he and his companions were to be tried, with great assiduity, until, as he believed, he was perfect in every verse.

"It is the best policy, however," said Ned to himself, "to have two strings to one's bow. I may as well take my printed translation with me. I can keep it snug in my jacket pocket, and if I find I am likely to stick at any passage, I can just glance at the English version, and recover myself."

Now it is probably among the juvenile reminiscences of my readers, that the act of bringing a printed or written translation to recitation is a high penal offence on the part of a school-boy. Our friend Ned did not require any such aid. He had an excellent memory, and was a hard student,—what his rivals called "a dig." In the present instance he had made himself thoroughly perfect in those passages of the great Latin author, which were to be construed by the class. But Ned thought it best to have two strings to his bow. What was the result?

He had passed triumphantly through his examination without once having occasion to take a clandestine peep at his English version. He had won the topmost place in his class; and now awaited in victorious expectation the delivery of the medals. Already were they glistening, with their blue silk ribbons attached, in the hands of one of the committee, when a hateful little usher, whom the boys had nicknamed "old Dot-and-carry-one," from an impediment in his gait, started up, and throwing back the collar of his coat, and fixing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, bowed to Dr. Drubber and the committee, and remarked, that with their permission he would put a question or two to Master Plausible.

Supposing that the interrogatory would relate to the parsing of some sentence or the scanning of

some line, Ned came forward with a confident smirk to where Mr. Dot-and-carry-one was standing. The latter assumed a diabolical smile as he witnessed the assured and self-complacent demeanour of his victim.

"Allow me to inquire, sir," said the usher, "whether that is not a translation of the Georgics, which I see protruding from your pocket?"

"This, sir?" asked Ned, with a faint smile, pulling forth a small almanac from a side-pocket, and attempting to thrust into concealment the obtrusive translation—"this is nothing but an al-l-l-manac. It is very useful, you see, sir, for"—

"Oh, I don't doubt it in the least," interrupted the usher. "But I had reference to those printed sheets—there—not in your pantaloon pocket, but in your jacket."

"Oh, these!" said Ned, crumbling some of the loose leaves in his hand, and bending a compassionate and somewhat derisive smile upon the usher, "these I placed there for wadding. My father, sir, has given me permission to go on to Long Island this afternoon, a-shooting."

"Ah, indeed! Pray let me examine the quality of the wadding you use. I am a sportsman myself sometimes."

Poor Ned turned pale, and began to tremble. But he was fertile in subterfuges; and he replied, "The fact is, sir, that being the owner of an old translation of Virgil, and not wishing to be tempted to refer to it in my studies, I tore it up for the purpose I have mentioned."

The excuse would not answer. The remorseless usher insisted upon seeing the sheets. They were at length produced and found to correspond with that portion of the Georgics upon which the class were engaged. Master Plausible not only lost the medal, which would have been his, but he was disgraced before the whole school, including the examining committee. This was one of the results of his having two strings to his bow. But the circumstance did not cause him to abandon his favourite policy.

On quitting college, it became necessary that he should choose a profession; for his father had died and left him nothing but the advice contained in the old proverb, which we have seen him carry into practice. Ned's tastes and predilections led him to decide in favour of devoting himself to the law. But he had an uncle, who was a physician, and who offered to educate him gratuitously. The consequence was, that our hero determined to study law and medicine at one and the same time, in short, to have two strings to his bow; because, said he to

if I find clients are scarce, I can then easily turn doctor.

But when, at the termination of three years, he was admitted to practise at the bar, he discovered to his astonishment that all the persons from whom he solicited business, seemed to have the impression that his medical qualifications exceeded his legal. Ned was always of an accommodating disposition; and, finding that popular prejudice seemed to run in favour of his Esculapian talents, he informed his friends and the public that in obedience to their wishes he had turned physician. But it would not do. Those who had doubted his legal attainments were far more distrustful of his medical skill. He was looked upon as neither fish nor flesh—neither lawyer nor doctor. In vain, acting upon his favourite principle, did he advertise that he treated patients both homœopathically and alopathically, as they might wish. During a whole year, that his sign was hung out, but a solitary patient came to his office, and she was an old woman, who called to inquire the way to Dr. Mott's.

Failing in his professional attempts, he directed his attention to politics. He did not lack what the French call a *flux de bouche*, which in John Bull's less refined tongue, may be rendered, *gift of the gab*. His *debut* at Tammany Hall was immensely successful. A few catch-words were occasionally heard overtopping the level and inaudible portion of his speech, and these never failed to bring down acclamations of applause. Had any one attempted to report the harangue, he would have had to trust to his imagination for all the words that filled up the interstices between the following: "heroes of '76—bone and muscle of the land—New Orleans—silk-stocking gentry—our democratic brethren—Waterloo defeat—Federalism—Federal aristocrats—nail our flag to the mast—victory is ours."

On the strength of these very original and emphatic phrases, (for they constituted the whole of his speech that could be distinctly heard), Ned acquired quite a reputation—in the newspapers. He soon began to be regarded politically as a rising young man; and some influential members of his party even canvassed the propriety of giving him the nomination to Congress. Unluckily for Ned, at this moment an agent of the opposite party ventured to sound the depths of his political fidelity by intimating to him that if he would quit his Tammany friends for the Whigs, the latter would reward him for his apostacy by sending him as their representative to Washington.

"It is always safest to have two strings to one's bow," said Ned to himself, as he reflected upon the proposal. "If Tammany doesn't nominate me, the Whigs will, if I will only join them. My best course is, to keep good friends with the managers on both sides, and so, if I am dropped by one, the other will take me up. Ay, that will be my true policy—to stand ready to jump either side of the fence." And, congratulating himself upon his astuteness, Ned undertook to avail himself of the favourable intentions of both parties in regard to the

nomination. But he who attempts to sit upon two stools is likely to fall to the ground; and Ned's experience verified the proverb; for Tammany, on learning that he was tampering with the enemy, repudiated him, and the Whigs, though generally too lenient towards apostates, refused to receive him into their ranks in any capacity but that of a subaltern.

His political plans having failed utterly, Ned, as a last resort to means for advancing his fortunes, resolved upon matrimony. To give him his due, he was a man of personable exterior and captivating address. Few could make their way in society more adroitly than he. But he was by no means infallible. Through a too precipitate confidence in his success, he encountered three or four flat refusals from young ladies who were regarded as extremely "eligible." These rebuffs taught him caution and humility; and he changed his tactics.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him at length. At one of the brilliant balls, which at late hours on winter nights startle the pedestrian in Broadway, by the sound of music and feet that beat the floor in the hall of the Washington Hotel—at one of those select and refined assemblies—Ned sought, and, without much difficulty, procured an introduction to the daughter of a retired victualler; and as we cannot at this moment distinctly recall her name, we will, for convenience sake, designate her as Miss Cutlet. She was young, pretty and blooming; but her great charm, at least in Ned's eyes, lay in the fact that she was heirless to some hundreds of thousands of dollars. What though her hands and feet were apparently made rather for use than ornament! What though a sight of the extraordinary style of hair dressing to which she seemed to be partial would have given the immortal Grandjean a violent attack of dyspepsia? What though Mademoiselle Armand would have fainted at the spectacle of her *tournure*? Put these frivolous objections in one scale and her Butcher's and Drover's bank stock in the other, and who would doubt that the objections would kick the beam?

As for Ned, the subject did not admit of a question in his mind. After a discreet courtship of a month's duration, he made an avowal to the lady of the desperate state of his affections, and received in return her consent to become Mrs. Plausible. And now there seemed nothing but smooth sailing for Ned. He had nothing to do but go through a very simple, and by no means fatiguing ceremony, slip a cheap gold ring on his bride's finger, and then he could walk into old Cutlet's house, hang up his hat, and take no thought for the morrow what he should eat, or where he should lodge, or wherewithal he should be clothed.

Such seemed the fate in store for our hero. Alas! we know not what mockery the future may make of our plans. And yet,

"Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, nearer viewed, you'll find they've been unwise."

In an evil hour Ned visited Philadelphia on some

small business for his intended father-in-law. As he was promenading Chestnut Street, he met an old classmate, who had risen to distinction at the bar by exclusive and unremitted devotion to his profession.

"What, Ned! Is it you? I am glad to see you," exclaimed the Philadelphian.

"Ha! Clingstone! Fred! How are you? Delighted to take you by the hand again!"

"When did you arrive in the city, and where have you put up? And why the deuce didn't you come and bivouac with me in Spruce Street?"

"I arrived last night—put up at Jones's—and didn't bivouac upon you for various reasons, the first of which was, that I didn't know you lived in the city—the second"—

"I will hear the rest another time," replied Clingstone. "But, my dear fellow, you must dine with me to-day. I wish to introduce you to my wife, who is very fond of questioning my old classmates. Besides, now I think of it, a beautiful girl will be our guest—a Miss Hope—did you ever see her?"

"Not as I recollect."

"Well, she is an heiress, besides being very pretty. A hundred thousand in her own right is the very least that she can call her own."

"A hundred thousand?"

"And no mistake!"

"In her own right?"

"Aye; most unquestionably in her own right. But perhaps you are married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Ahem! N—n—n—no!"

The "no" stuck in Ned's throat, but he gave it utterance. And what was his object in prevaricating? He himself hardly knew, for he had not had time to mature any decided plan. Perhaps it was his evil genius, with the two strings to his bow, who prompted him to the act.

Ned dined that day with his friend Clingstone, and was introduced to Miss Hope. What a contrast as to personal appearance and demeanour, did she present in our hero's eyes to the victualler's daughter! Beautiful and well-bred, there was another advantage which she possessed over her Bowery rival—her property was in her own right, and not contingent upon the whims, physical and mental, of a close-fisted and capricious father. Clingstone took his newly-found classmate to a party that night, and there the latter again found Miss Hope. Ned soon discovered that a number of suitors of by no means contemptible pretensions were in her train; and, as fortune would have it, the lady manifested a very decided partiality for himself. This was embarrassing. Should he take advantage of the favourable impression he had produced, and follow it up, notwithstanding his oaths of fealty to Miss Cutlet?

Ned looked long and intently at this many-sided question. Miss Cutlet was too valuable a prize to part with lightly, for she was an only daughter, and her father was reputed to be a millionaire. But then

the old fellow might live these twenty years, or marry his housekeeper, and have a number of "little responsibilities" to share his estate; and then, if we may borrow our hero's expressive language, "he would cut up lean."

On the other hand, Miss Hope had what she had not merely in prospect, but in possession. There were solid acres, and buildings of substantial brick, and coal mines of inexhaustible capacity, which she could point to, and call her own.

After canvassing the matter in his mind the better part of a night, while he was tossing in bed, Ned came to a most notable and characteristic conclusion. "What is to prevent my having two strings to my bow?" said he, elated at the brilliancy and sagacity of the conception. "I can then, any time within the next six months, decide as to which one I will marry. It would be prudent to inquire a little more closely into old Cutlet's dividends; and I would like to make some farther investigations into the state and average revenue of Miss H.'s coal mines. But there are so many flutterers about her path now, that unless I engage myself at once, I shall lose the chance. Yes, as I have six months before me to think about it, and examine into the comparative advantages of the two arrangements, it will decidedly be my best plan to have two strings to my bow. And then there is the chance of one of the girls jilting me! It is well to be provided against such a contingency. If her fortune were only equal to the other's, I would vastly prefer Miss Hope. I will secure the promise of her hand, so as to frighten off her other wooers, and then deliberately investigate matters to ascertain whether it will answer for me to marry her. Perhaps things will turn out better than I expect; and if so—By the way, how lucky it is that Miss C. has no brother to call me out for deserting her! Well; it can't be helped. I oughtn't to sacrifice myself for a trifle. The highest bidder shall have me, let who may be disappointed."

In the midst of these soothing and highly moral meditations, Ned sank to sleep. He woke the next day to put his resolve into immediate execution. After a few weeks wooing, he succeeded in his object; and interchanged with Miss Hope promises of marriage. Behold him now once more with two strings to his bow. He rightly calculated that the two ladies, residing in different cities, and moving in altogether different circles, would not be likely to hear of each other's engagements from common report. He consequently felt quite secure in the game which he was carrying on; and played the lover to both with an unexceptionable degree of assiduity, writing them the most flaming billets-doux, and running in debt to purchase them bouquets and serenades.

But a man with two strings to his bow ought to have an infallible memory. Absence of mind is a failing to which he should never be subject. Ned lived to afford an illustration of the importance of this advice. One day he accidentally misdirected the letters to his two "strings." Miss Cutlet received a billet, in which he expressed his regret at

his inability to visit Philadelphia, and made protestations of eternal constancy to his dear "Julia." Miss Hope, on the other hand, was informed that the writer could not accompany her to Niblo's that evening, as he was obliged to visit Philadelphia on business of importance; but that he was her ever devoted and faithful "E. P."

It is unnecessary to say that both the young ladies were puzzled and confounded on receiving the misdirected notes. In that one received by her who was his last and most highly prized conquest, the address of Miss Cutlet with the number and street of her residence, was added at the bottom of the sheet. Miss Hope, who was truly a girl of spirit and intelligence, notwithstanding the fact that she had been duped by our hero, immediately adopted the most straightforward and satisfactory means of informing herself in regard to her lover's duplicity. She started for New York, and called upon her rival. An interview succeeded, in which both were thoroughly satisfied as to the character and conduct of Mr. Plausible. Miss Hope immediately returned to Philadelphia; and the victualler's daughter had scarcely time to compose her features before the "gentleman with two strings to his bow" was announced. It should be remarked in anticipation, that the two maidens, before they parted, had agreed in regard to the course they would each adopt towards their audacious suitor.

With a more than usually self-assured smirk Ned advanced to embrace his Bowery beauty. She gently repelled his familiarities, and, turning away her head, muttered in an "aside" intended to be heard, "How shall I ever reveal it to him?"

"Nay, what is the meaning of all this? How have I offended? Why do you repel me?" exclaimed Ned with his habitual volubility.

"It will be too dreadfully harrowing to his feelings!" muttered Miss Cutlet.

"Harrowing to my feelings! Explain yourself, Amanda—what do you mean?"

"Alas! Can you bear the news that will separate us for ever?"

"Nonsense! Out with it! I can bear any thing."

"Know then, sir, that I have another young man in my eye, whom I would rather marry than yourself—if you please."

"The devil!" muttered Ned to himself.

We must abridge our description of the remainder of the interview. In vain did our hero tenderly plead and loudly threaten. He found that arguments and expostulations were all of no use.

"How lucky," thought he, as he abandoned the hope of retaining Amanda as one of his "strings," "how lucky that I foresaw a contingency of this kind, and provided myself with two strings to my bow!"

Early the next morning he hastened to Philadelphia, and went to throw himself at the feet of Miss Hope. On being ushered into the drawing-room he saw, to his amazement, that she was seated on the sofa, while by her side a fashionably-dressed young man was lying with his head in her lap.

As Ned entered the apartment, the recumbent youth lazily raised his eyes, and regarded him with a supercilious air. Our hero directed a glance of inquiry at the lady. She did not appear to be in the least discomposed, but with perfect *sang-froid*, and without rising from the sofa, said—

"Lift up your head, Clarence! This is Mr. Plausible. How do you do, Mr. Plausible? Mr. Plausible, Mr. Romaine—Mr. Romaine, Mr. Plausible."

Ned bowed coldly, and assumed a very serious look. As for Mr. Clarence, he seemed so well satisfied with the resting-place which his head had found, that not even the entrance of a stranger could induce him to give it up. He simply nodded at Ned with a careless "Ah! how d'y'e do," and then familiarly wound his fingers through the luxuriant tresses which hung from the lady's forehead.

"Who the deuce is Mr. Romaine?" thought our hero. "A brother? No. His name declares that to be impossible. A brother-in-law? Julia never told me that she had a sister. Who can he be? Confusion! He has pulled down her head to his, and is kissing her most voraciously."

Ned thought it time to make a remark, inasmuch as neither of the parties seemed to regard his presence.

"Mr. Romaine is a near relative, I presume, Julia?"

"Oh, no—not the most distant," she replied.

"Ahem! Then I must say, Julia, that if he isn't a brother, or at least a cousin"—

"Well, sir, what must you say?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, starting suddenly to his feet, and marching close up to poor Ned till he recoiled some paces lest his toes should be trodden upon.

"What must you say, sir?" repeated Mr. Romaine, stamping his feet, and to all appearance in a towering rage.

"I was merely about taking the liberty to remark, sir," said Ned deprecatingly (for he was a bit of a coward), "to remark, that for an engaged lady, Miss Julia seemed to me rather too affectionate towards a gentleman who is not her lover or near kinsman."

"And how do you know, sir, that I am not her lover?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, shaking both fists in Mr. Plausible's face.

"Because, sir," replied the latter, "I have the good fortune to stand in that position towards the lady myself."

"Well, sir, and what then?" asked Mr. Romaine.

"Yes, and what then?" re-echoed Julia.

"Ahem! It may be a prejudice on my part," said Ned, "but I have always thought it customary for an engaged lady to confine her blandishments to a single lover."

"What! and hasn't a lady the privilege of having two strings to her bow?" exclaimed Julia.

"Yes, answer that!" screamed Mr. Romaine, advancing upon poor Ned so rapidly, that in his backward retreat he stumbled over an ottoman, and fell at full length upon the floor.

Mr. Plausible rapidly picked himself up, and seized his hat. Julia's last interrogation had convinced him that his double dealing had been discovered, and that his game was lost. Another circumstance that accelerated his movement was the fact of seeing Mr. Romaine lay hold of a stout cane, and turn up the sleeve of his coat. Ned did not stop to inquire as to his intentions, but took his leave at once without standing upon the order of his going.

Had he listened as he closed the door, he might have heard Julia exclaim—"Bravely acted, Harriet! He did not for a moment suspect that you were a woman!"

One would think that Ned had by this time grown tired of having two strings to his bow. But it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. He was no longer as young as he had been once.

The last, and perhaps the most notable instance wherein he illustrated the proverb, partook of the melancholy as well as of the ludicrous. He had been

visited with an acute disease which required prompt and efficient treatment; and in the hurry and excitement attendant upon the attack, two rival physicians had been sent for. One of them had come, and left a prescription just as the second one arrived. The latter sneered at the mode of treatment of his predecessor, and adopted one precisely contrary. The two messengers, who had been despatched to the apothecary's, returned about the same time, and brought into the sick man's room two different mixtures in vials. For a long time Ned was puzzled as to which he should take. At length the old proverb, which had been his bane all his life long, shot into his head.

"It is safest to have two strings to one's bow," quoth he, and swallowed both the preparations. They did his business for him so effectually, that he was never called upon to pay note or bill again, although several became due shortly after the event.

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the last century, Mr. Manderfield, the senior partner of a prosperous commercial house in Philadelphia, went on business to England, with the intention of remaining there about six months. But finding, afterwards, that a residence of several years in Europe would in all probability be highly advantageous to his commercial interests, he sent for his family to join him in the spring. His wife was a charming and amiable woman, and he had four fine children; Charles who had just reached his fourteenth year, Franklin who had entered his thirteenth, Juliet whose age was twelve, and a lovely little girl named Laura, who was only five. They were all delighted at the prospect of being again with their father, and also of crossing the Atlantic; at that period a somewhat rare occurrence for families.

During the winter that preceded their expected voyage, the young Manderfields devoted a portion of their time to the assiduous reading of English history, and other books that would prepare them for the country they were about to visit. The boys, however, quoted Shakspeare as the best authority for the leading events and historical characters of the land that was honoured by his birth. And Juliet believed only in such pictures of English society and manners as she found in *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, added to those in the *Rambler* and *Spectator*. At that time few books of entertainment were imported from Europe, and fewer still reprinted in America. Literature of our own we had almost none. *Enfield's Speaker*, and *Scott's Lessons in Elocution*, were then (and justly too) considered both in and out of school, as repositories of amusement as well as instruction: and they paved the way for the vast success of the *Elegant Extracts*, whose volumes when they came were opened as mines of gold. Books were then read with attention; earnestly discussed; and well remembered.

All the young Manderfields had a great fondness for music, with an extraordinary aptitude at catching immediately whatever songs they might chance to hear: both words and tune—the tune at that time was seldom called *the air*. We had not yet got to Italian “in these United States;” and the songs then popular were chiefly those of Sheridan, O’Keeffe, Colman, Burns, and Dibdin; together with some of still earlier date. The newest music had been brought over by Mr. Thrumpton, a very good sort of gentleman (born in Cheapside within three doors of Bow Church) who had devoted his

whole life to the cultivation of the piano, involving the manifest exclusion of all other knowledge. Nevertheless, he found that after many years of teaching, he still could not obtain a single pupil among “the children of the nobility;” and that he was doomed to play second piano even at Pimlico and Chelsea boarding schools, his department comprising only the babies in music; to say nothing of the fatigue of his daily jaunts from one of those suburbs to the other, and having to go to three scholars at Camberwell, beside. So with a laudable determination to be the first man in a village rather than the second at Rome, he came to seek his fortune in Philadelphia; where he issued his cards as Mr. Thrumpton from London, and soon became the most fashionable and indeed the best instructor our city could boast. Juliet Manderfield profited exceedingly by the lessons she received from him: though sometimes he could not forbear expressing his annoyance at what he called her American accent, saying (to the great diversion of her brothers)—“Miss, your pronounciation’s so hash that it spoiles the music.”

Mr. Thrumpton sent by the Manderfields a letter to his mother, who still lived in London: and also a package containing various little things peculiar to America, and which the old lady would regard as great curiosities. And the boys determined never to laugh about him again, let him talk ever so queerly—a resolution which they carefully kept when he came to take leave of the family on the day before their departure. He also gave them, in the kindness of his heart, a letter of introduction to the governor of Newgate, an old friend of his father’s; which letter would procure them an opportunity of seeing the interior of that far-famed place of durance, to which, he said, the Walnut street prison was a fool.

The Manderfields embarked in a fine vessel of three hundred and fifty tons, then considered quite a large one. The passenger-ships of that time, even when showing off in port, were plainly fitted up; much in the style of the early steam-boats during the monopoly of the North River company. The carpets were ingrain, or more frequently Scotch; the chairs and settees (there were no sofas) were entirely of painted wood, either yellow, red or green; and the curtains were of coarse dark calico. To designate the captain’s seat at the head of the table, two mahogany arms were fixed at a proper distance from each other, above the locker at the stern end of the cabin; and the interior of this locker was a receptacle for pickle-jars, cheese, and other articles of provision; not, however, for

any thing very nice, for such was neither furnished nor expected. The way of living was then nearly the same in every merchant-ship. A goat supplied a small quantity of milk for the tea and coffee. The substitutes for bread were execratingly hard water-biscuits, or crackers of the old-school sort, such as (fortunately for the teeth of the biters) are long since obsolete. The butter then taken to sea being always uneatable (as is shamefully the case with much of the butter that is kept on shore) the biscuits at breakfast and tea were generally moistened by pouring on them first a little hot water, and afterwards a little molasses. For dinner (beside the standing dishes of salt beef and salt pork) there were always several days of fresh pork, and then several days of mutton; so that when the passengers had gone through a whole hog, they knew very well, that they should next have to go through a whole sheep. Potatoes, hominy, rice, and dried white beans were the vegetables; and the delicacies were an occasional pease-pudding boiled with the salt pork, and an occasional sea-pie, for the purpose of using up the surviving poultry, which was so attenuated by sea-sickness as to make no show; or rather to show too well if cooked whole. The daily dessert was of prunes, raisins, almonds, shell-barks and ground-nuts—the last being the most popular. What a contrast to the splendid cabins and luxurious tables of those floating palaces the American packet-ships of the present day. Mrs. Manderfield and Juliet suffered but two or three days from sea-sickness; little Laura but one day; and the boys not at all; having set their faces against it, and resolutely determined, like Major Longbow, that with regard to the ocean malady, they would not be sick, could not be sick, and should never be sick in their lives. It is true that their voyage, though of six weeks duration, was not boisterous. They had “stiff breezes” and “brisk gales,” but to the great regret of Charles and Franklin, the captain would never confess to a storm. Not a sail was split, not a spar was lost; the jib was never carried away; and the vessel was not once on her beam-ends; though seas were occasionally shipped, for she had a full cargo and was deep in the water. Charles had once the happiness of being washed down the companion-way, over-setting in his descent, Franklin who was coming up; and both had the pleasure of swimming into the cabin together, in a flood of brine, which deluged them from head to foot. This gave them an opportunity of singing “Cease rude Boreas”—which the captain stopped, that song being conceived unlucky at sea.

They saw neither whales nor sharks: but several times a vast shoal of porpoises came tumbling along the surface of the waves, raising their swine-like heads above the foam. The only vessel our voyagers met, after quitting the American coast, was within two days sail of the British Channel. It proved to be an English privateer cruising for French prizes, and was called the Prince of Wales, whose effigy decorated the head, full-dressed,

curled, and powdered. The young people, as it came in full view, regarded this figure with much curiosity, concluding it to be an exact likeness of “the heir of England’s throne,” and that he had undoubtedly sat or rather stood for it.

The American ship having displayed her stars, the English run up their union flag, and a boat with several men put off from her, which after a few strokes of the oars, brought the privateer-captain along-side, who came to make a friendly visit, and was of course received with great civility by the American commander. The last news of both countries was reciprocally communicated, and newspapers exchanged, and wine produced; after which the strangers returned to their ship, which continuing her course, soon became reduced to a dark speck on the glowing horizon of the sun-set sky.

The privateer-captain was a stout, ruddy, fine-looking man, with his hair queued, and a very large buckle in a very broad hat-band. He wore a short blue coat, and very short and wide blue-striped trowsers that scarcely reached below his knees, from whence descended his light blue stockings, and on his shoes were immense silver buckles. This was a common dress for English sea-faring men of that time; long trowsers being not then fashionable among them. A cutlass was belted at his side, and a cockade decorated his hat, and Juliet thought him the finest specimen of an Englishman she had ever seen. It is true she had seen but six or seven (knowing them to be such, for they cannot like the Irish be recognized at a glance) Englishmen being then much scarcer in other countries than they are now. The revolution by which they lost America, was still too fresh in their memories; and few of them had as yet begun to seek their fortunes in the young republic, which had so recently thrown off her chains, and proved to the world that the arms of Britain are not invincible. The boys, also, magnanimously admired the gallant-looking Briton; solacing themselves with the idea that his visit was something of an event, as they recollected hearing several persons say that a privateer was first cousin to a pirate. So that if he ever *did* take to piracy and render himself celebrated in that line, it would be a great satisfaction to remember having seen him, face to face.

Six weeks had now elapsed since the ship sailed from the Capes of Delaware, and they found themselves within the entrance of the British Channel; though a thick and heavy mist prevented their discerning the land. At length they saw something looming through the fog like the mast of a distant vessel, which seemed to be lying to; and the captain determined to bear up, and speak her. It was not long before a sound like the dashing and roaring of tremendous breakers, caused him to apprehend that he had made a frightful mistake, and that the ship was in reality approaching the sea-surrounded Eddystone. She was immediately put about, and made all sail from the ever-dangerous rock. A sunbeam then gleamed faintly through the fog, and touching the lantern on its top brought

into view the upper part of the warning light-house. This adventure the boys considered almost a shipwreck, and they talked of it with great unction, till through the retiring mist was discerned a dark cloud-like ridge that could be nothing but land; a sight which no one can appreciate that has not enjoyed it after having for many weeks seen nothing but the sky and the ocean. An approaching pilot-boat was soon descried, the signal for one having been flying in vain, for the last two days. Several of the gentlemen, in the exuberance of their glee, diverted themselves with betting on the expected pilot, as to his being an old or a young man, dark or light complexioned, married or single, with a common or an uncommon name, and with short trousers or long ones. He proved to be a middle-aged man with brown hair and grey eyes, and with a skin so weather-beaten as to defy all guesses at its original tint. His name was Vicesimus Riggs; he had been married, but was now a widower, and instead of trousers he wore knee breeches. Altogether, he was considered a drawn game; so the bets on the pilot were rescinded.

The boys began now to chant "For England when with favouring gale, our gallant ship up channel steers"—but, the words of that beautiful song were not on this occasion so speedily borne out by facts: for the wind changed, and becoming dead a-head, the ship was obliged to beat up the channel by tacking across from one coast to the other; so that they were alternately in view of "Old England's chalky cliffs," and the "vine-covered hills" of France.

Early next morning (and it chanced to be the anniversary of the memorable 19th of May) they found themselves off Cape La Hogue. A century had rolled away since these heights had re-echoed the roar of the cannon, that had given a death-blow to the fallen fortunes of James the Second, who in frantic grief, saw from an eminence on the shore, the destruction of the French fleet that Louis the Fourteenth had devoted to his assistance. But this was the place, and this the day, and this the hour, and our young friends who were familiar with the oldest and noblest of English sea-songs, almost thought that like the gallant Russell, they "discerned at break of day, the lofty sails of France advancing now." And they imagined the fine appearance of the magnificent ship which carried the flag of Admiral Tourville, leading on the fleet that came grandly out from the shore, the first rays of the morning sun tinting their snowy canvass and burnishing their prows with gold.

"Charles"—said Franklin—"are you not glad we know that song. I only wish we could hear something like 'the culverine—the signal for the line.'"

"How very pleasant it would be"—said Charles—"if we could learn all our history from songs, and plays, and pictures. Now, there is nothing particular in the appearance of this cape, and people who know nothing about the battle of La Hogue, and the fine song with its fine tune, would hardly

take the trouble to look at the place. I dare say there are persons on board, who are wondering what we are looking at."

Again the ship stretched over towards the shore of England, and were near enough to admire its trim cottages and "hedge-rows green." After passing the high, bold promontory of Beachy Head, they ran across towards Boulogne, and were actually so near that town as to see its steeples—"French steeples—steeples of churches that were in France."

But all the previous delight of the young Manderfields, was nothing to what they felt at the first view of Dover Castle, a fortress that has frowned at Calais for more than a thousand years, armed, garrisoned, and ready for the immediate defence of the town it overlooks, and the coast it commands. In spite of the suspicions to the contrary, the boys were perfectly certain that this structure had really been erected by that great castle-builder—"Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man."

On passing Dover, they immediately recognised Shakspeare's Cliff, and longed to go on shore, and look down from its dizzy height, and regretted not being near enough to see it—"half-way down, hung one that gathered samphire—dreadful trade!"

At length the ship arrived in the Downs, the very place where "Black-eyed Susan came on board." And now finding themselves in this celebrated location, the boys, who during the voyage had acquired sea-craft, criticised rather severely this overrated song, proving to Juliet how singular it was that the heroine should not have known the ship to which her lover belonged, and that she should be obliged to inquire of the sailors, "if her sweet William sailed among their crew." Also, that there must have been strange discipline in the vessel, when immediately before getting underway, when no doubt at that very time "Blue Peter at the mast-head flew," a sailor should be allowed, instantly to quit his duty, "high upon the yard,"—slip down a rope to the deck,—and proceed through a long love-dialogue with his sweetheart in the face of the captain and officers—particularly when it is mentioned that there was a boatswain in the ship. It was concluded by the young critics, that poets who have never been to sea, should not presume to write sea-songs.

They passed in full view of the bathing towns of Ramsgate and Margate, and rounding the North Foreland, had a glance at the old and ruinous hamlet of Reculver, the Regulbium of the Romans, with its ancient church whose two steeples (usually called the Two Sisters) are among the landmarks of the coast of Kent; Charles repeating as he looked at the shore "Kent in the commentaries Cæsar writ, is deemed the civillest place in all this isle." The chalky cliffs had now sunk into hills, green and highly cultivated, and sloping gently down to the beach. The ocean was soon behind them, and they found themselves sailing up the Thames, that king of English rivers. At Gravesend the ship came to anchor; and their voyage was finished.

Several boats now put off from the wharf, and in one of them the family beheld Mr. Manderfield, who had gone down to Gravesend to wait their arrival; it being usual at that time for passengers from America to land there. We need not attempt to describe the meeting between the wife and the husband, the father and the children. Affectionate hearts can easily imagine it.

In a very short time they were all seated in the boat which had brought Mr. Manderfield; and in a few minutes the boys "gaily jumped on shore" and they all "touched British ground." At an inn at Gravesend, Mr. Manderfield had ordered an early dinner—and his children found it perfectly delicious after six weeks of ship-fare: particularly the fresh bread and butter, which are the things most enjoyed after a sea-voyage.

As soon as dinner was over, the family set out for London in two post-chaises; Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield and little Laura riding in one, and Juliet with her brothers in the other. A post-chaise is something like a chariot, having windows in front as well as at the sides, and only one seat—the seat being designed to hold two grown persons, or three children. The post-boy, as he is always called, (even when a venerable old man,) wears a peculiar costume of a drab surtout with bright buttons, red-striped waistcoat, and fair-topped boots, and rides one of the two horses.

Not long after leaving Gravesend, they observed a dark and heavy cloud of smoke obscuring the northwestern horizon, and the boys clapped their hands, exclaiming "London—London!"—for such, as their father had told them, would be the first indication of that vast and wondrous city, whose atmosphere is for ever laden with the vapour of its sulphurous coal-fires. Finally, they descried amid the gloom, objects that seemed faintly to take the shapes of spires, and high houses, and among them were dim visions of structures, that they knew must be the dome of St. Paul's with its two steeples, and the antique towers of Westminster Abbey. Far off to the right, rose the tall column of the Monument, and near it peering through its veil of smoke, close upon the water, the ancient walls of the Tower of London.

The increasing number of vehicles denoted their near approach to the great city; the road-side houses now became more and more frequent, and at last, there was no space between them. Our young travellers found themselves going through long and winding streets; and they put out their heads, and called to their father to ask if they were not *now* in London. Mr. Manderfield looking from the back-window of his own chaise, informed them that they were only in the Borough of Southwark, which spreads to a great extent on the Surry side of the Thames. This was a severe disappointment, particularly as the borough did not seem to abound in objects of interest—either for the eye or the mind.

At the obelisk they turned into the Westminster Road, and as they approached the Thames, they

beheld in full view the far-famed abbey; which from the associations connected with it, seems to belong not only to England, but to every part of the world where her language prevails, and her descendants flourish.

Having crossed Westminster Bridge, Mr. Manderfield informed his children that they were now in the great city, and the announcement was received with rapturous applause. Mr. Manderfield had hitherto lodged in the neighbourhood of his counting-house, which was near the Exchange. On sending for his family, he had resolved to defer taking a dwelling-house, till he could consult his wife as to the choice of one, and leave to her taste the selection of the furniture. In the mean time, as summer was approaching, he had engaged lodgings for himself and family in an airy and pleasant part of the town; and to enable them to see all the sights of London without inconvenience, he engaged, by the month, what is strangely called a glass-coach, though it has no more glass about it than other English coaches. A glass-coach in London parlance, means a handsome hired equipage with good horses, and a well-dressed coachman—the London hacks being generally old shabby vehicles with miserable horses and all things to match.

On arriving at the house of Mrs. Blagden, (who had provided them with a servant-maid called Nanny,) the Manderfields were immediately shown to their drawing-room, which was fitted up in the usual style of genteel furnished lodgings of that time. The windows which descended to the floor, and opened into balconies, that might be filled with flower-pots, were shaded with dimity curtains bordered with bright coloured furniture-chintz, and trimmed with knotting fringe of white cotton. This knotting afforded a very fashionable occupation to young ladies, and was composed of strands of slack-twisted cotton, formed into loops by means of an ivory shuttle with thread wound upon it; the loops being afterwards cut open with scissors, and then sewed in very close festoons upon a heading of gimp, so as to form a deep thick fringe; which was then a very usual trimming not only for window and bed-curtains, and toilet-covers, but also for children's dimity cloaks and for dimity parasols.

On the drawing-room floor was a square Wilton carpet of a green ground figured with roses, and having a border and a green fringe all round, and a circular middle piece where the roses went in baskets. It was not then customary to buy good carpeting by the yard; the best carpets being generally made square with borders and middle pieces—and in the recesses of the room the floor was left bare. There were two mahogany card-tables, and a pembroke-table; all very much inlaid with satin-wood; and the chairs had stuffed oval backs, which as well as the bottoms, were covered with satin-hair; and there was a sofa to correspond. The glasses were girandoles between the windows, and over each card-table was a mirror about three feet high, with a very broad square frame of white and

gilt composition. The coal-grate and fender were of bright steel, and the mantel-piece was decorated with tall, plated candlesticks, and tall china jars, interspersed with china shepherds and shepherdesses, and flanked by very long card-racks of green and gold. It was then, and to a much later period, the custom for all the chairs and tables to stand against the wall, ranged in correct order; and they were always carefully replaced when done with.

As their landlady was ushering them through the passage and up stairs, the Manderfields had glimpses of a number of heads (mostly females in bonnets) peeping out of doors, hanging over the bannisters of the upper staircase, and gazing with wide open eyes. These Mrs. Blagden afterwards informed them, were friends and relations of her own, who at their earnest request, had been invited to come and steal a look at the family from America, never having before seen any persons of that nation.

"I hope no offence"—said Mrs. Blagden—"I tried to keep them back as much as ever I could; but as they see but few shows (not living in streets where there is much passing) it was but natural they should like to catch a sight of American persons, when they had a hopportunity. But I can assure you they meant no arm."

"And how did they like us?"—asked Mrs. Manderfield.

"Oh! a great deal better than they expected. To be sure, cousin Hann Icks was a little disap-

pointed, and so was haunt Awkins, for they expected to see persons in long flowing robes and turbants on their eads, for they thought Americans was a specie of Turks, and always wore Turk dresses when they first came to Hengland, before they had time to fit themselves out with Henglish clothes. Some people, I know, are so hignorant as to think all American persons are wild Hindians and salvages, such as we see at Sadler's Wells—but that's being rather too bad upon them. Now all my friends what was watching, was quite astonished to hear you every one talking Henglish,—even the little child, pretty dear. But I told them I supposed you had all been preparing with a good Henglish master long afore you left ome, and perhaps taking double lessons to get on the faster, and learn the right haccent. Pray what may be the terms for teaching Henglish in America—I have a nevy who has some thoughts of going hover and getting his living in that line. I should not wonder if he was to make a fortune at it."

"I should"—said Mrs. Manderfield—with a smile.

Julia turned to the window and pressed her face against the glass, and the boys covered their mouths with their hands to conceal the laughter that was apparent enough in their eyes. Mr. Manderfield gravely kept his countenance, having become inured to compliments on his speaking English fluently.

(To be continued.)